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MAYFAIR
LETTERS

They say it's money that makes the world go around, but we all know there's something far more important than that that keeps this planet of ours spinning on its axis – nookie! Let's face it, it wasn't cavemen counting their pennies that lead to humanity taking over the world, was it? And, reading through these filthy letters that you lot have sent in to Mayfair, it's good to see that us humans have still got the same basic interests at heart as our cave-dwelling forebears! Don't believe me? Well just read on...

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MAYFAIR LETTERS

CLASS ACTION

I've been a teacher now for eight years. It's not quite the job I dreamed of doing during my shag-happy uni days, although it does give me a sense of fulfilment. Now I know people say the British education system is crap, with kids who've gone to pot, but in my experience it's not always the students who are the handfuls – it's their mothers. And I'm not talking in an academic relationship way, either. Oh no, more in a, "Little Johnny's having problems with his reading, maybe if I sucked your cock it would help" kind of fashion.

I'm not kidding, in the posh area where I work (you know the kind of place: middle-class suburb full of yummy mummies), I'm always getting sexually propositioned. At the school gates, PTA meetings, fêtes and nativity plays, those horny bitches can't keep their hands to themselves. They're practically frothing at the knickers, thinking that because hubbie is off making fortunes, they can turn innocent old me into their fuck bunny!

Well, what's a bloke to do when he's pinned against the whiteboard by an insistent MILF who's grabbing his cock and begging to be fucked? Well, in my case, give her exactly what she wants, which accounts for the fact that these days I get a never-ending stream of desperate housewives gagging to drain my balls.

There's one particular mum who drives me crazy in both the 'leave me alone you're a stalker' and the 'oh God you've given me the biggest boner' sense. Which is a terrible dilemma, bearing in mind I'm supposed to be a pillar of society. She moved here about six months ago and, from our first introduction, she had nothing but filth on her mind – even cornering me in Starbucks and slapping my arse! When she told me quite matter of fact that she wanted me to lick her pussy, I dropped my coffee in shock and scarpered (though I did have a sneaky wank in the car).

Recently, given that I'm a department head, the blonde bombshell arranged an appointment to come and discuss our latest fundraiser. Only she said it would have to be before school hours, and I had to guarantee we'd be completely alone.

The night before, I had a wank imagining what we'd get up to, me hammering her soaking pussy, as she screamed and begged for more. Consequently, she only had to knock on my office door and my cock twitched itself into an immediate and obvious erection.

In she breezed, her slim figure looking even better than I'd remembered, her big tits barely covered by a low-cut, cream top. I sat behind my desk in a slight panic, feeling pleased with the huge protrusion in my pants, yet terrified she might notice. Which, of course, she did.

"Oh, Mr Swanson," she teased,

"what is that you're hiding? Did I do that?" She didn't even wait for a response, merely swung my chair around and literally threw herself at me. It was experienced fingers that pulled out my cock and a very proficient mouth that then swallowed it down. Looking me straight in the

> "Flipping her onto her front, I pushed my now hard again cock deep into her..."

eye, she had an expression of pure bliss – seriously loving having my cock on her tongue. And fuck, did she have some major suction, practically forcing that jizz up my shaft and straight into the warmth of her throat. I trembled and groaned as my prick just kept spurting, while she smiled cheekily, despite her meat-filled gob.

I had to laugh at what she did next. Perching on the desk edge, she pulled out a mirrored compact and reapplied her lip-gloss. She then opened her legs wide – theatrically demonstrating the fact she wasn't wearing any panties – and held the mirror in front of her protruding labia. "Look at my pussy," she said, "three kids and it's still as tight and gorgeous as it was when I was 18."

Admittedly, as much as I've loved every pussy I've ever seen, this one was particularly spectacular. Cute, compact lips, a light fuzz of golden hair and a honey taste that tingled on my tongue when I pushed my face into her hole. She ground her cunt so hard against me that I could barely breathe. Coming up for air, I saw that she'd pulled down her bra and was now pinching at her nipples, a breast cupped in each hand.

"Kiss me, I want to taste myself," she demanded, grabbing my tie and yanking me towards her. As we snogged I could feel her wetness coming through my trousers. "You didn't want to talk about a fundraiser, did you, Ms Kline?" I said, ramming three fingers up her cunt. "You wanted my cock, you little tart, and now you're going to get it!"

Flipping her onto her front, I pushed my now hard again cock deep into her for quick lubrication. Then after a couple of slow strokes in what was indeed a tight tunnel, I pulled out and slid into her arse. It felt bloody fantastic, particularly when she pushed back to force my shaft further inside. Holding tight to her hips, I went at her bum hole with a ferocity that had her squealing with delight. I tell you, I was so glad this was a pre-class appointment, because each time my balls slapped against her she moaned even louder. Unsurprisingly, she came pretty quickly after that, her whole body shaking as she screamed her climax.

She left with my spunk still dribbling down her stockings, telling me that if I kept her happy the financial benefits to the school would be considerable. Since then, I've been doing a lot of 'fundraising' with Ms Kline and her coffee morning pals, earning me serious brownie points both in, and out, of the sack.

Matt, Devon.

BOTTOMS UP!

Call me weird, but I actually love anal sex more than vaginal. In fact, I love it so much that, even when I'm boyfriend-free and watching porn movies, it's only so long before my fingers stray to playing with my tight ring, or I end up fucking my arse with a lubed-up dildo.

The last boyfriend I had was so eager to fuck me where the sun doesn't shine that he proposed doing so the first night we slept together. Not surprisingly, I jumped at the chance!

We were recovering from a damn good bout of doggie-style shagging when he came right out with it.

"Are you into bum sex?" he enquired, without a hint of embarrassment.

"Am I?" I echoed, laughing.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," I said. "Reach in the drawer of the bedside table and get me the lube."

He did as I asked in a flash then started tugging away at his cock to get it good and hard again. As I watched it grow in his fist, I rubbed the lubricant around my bum-hole, slipping a finger inside to get me properly lubricated. When I was well greased up, I rolled over, got on all fours and spread my eager cheeks.

My boyfriend got behind, and started sliding his cock-helmet around my brown-eye. The anticipation of having my arse filled was turning me on so much I had to bite down on my bottom lip.

I didn't have to wait long though. A few moments later he prodded my arsehole and it opened up to swallow the head of his dick. He moaned loudly with pleasure, so I gently eased back onto his cock until I'd slid down the full length of his shaft and his balls made contact with my bum cheeks. My boyfriend had a fat eight-incher, so he stretched me to the max. I guess he could tell that was the case, because he didn't move his cock for a minute or so, but waited for me to get used to the full sensation.

He then slowly inched his dick back out until only a few inches remained inside me, then mercilessly slammed it back inside. It took my breath away and I sank my fingers into the bed-sheets. "Oh yes!" I howled. "That's it. Fuck me! Fuck me hard in the arse!"

And he did, in and out like a road-drill, every forward thrust forcing me harder into the bed. I was on fire from head-to-toe, totally engulfed in the sex-heat generated by his dick in my bum. In tune with his movements, I started pushing back every time he made a down stroke, forcing his member even deeper into my arse. After only a few seconds of this, my

orgasm kicked in, the backs of my thighs trembling wildly, my sphincter contracting uncontrollably on and off his thrusting shaft. I screamed, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" before collapsing lifeless but still twitching on his hard knob.

It took me five minutes or so to recover from my first bum-fuck, but when I had I climbed up to straddle him. Little more than his cock-head had slipped inside when my boyfriend suddenly shouted, "Stop!"

I froze in my tracks and then he said, "Now slam down as hard as you can!" So, I did and we both gasped loudly as I was speared by his hugeness. Then he grabbed me by the hips and started moving me in a circular motion on his cock. I clenched my arse muscles tightly as he did so, which elicited further groans from by bum-banger. Suddenly he stopped what he was doing, and said, "Now you take over, Baby."

Leaning forward, I grabbed onto his shoulders to steady myself, then started sliding on and off his throbbing cock. I did it slowly at first, but he motioned for me to go faster. I let go of his shoulders, leaned back and, grabbing tightly onto his legs, I pulled myself up, then down again onto his cock – faster and harder than before. His dick started throbbing wilder than ever. It was a telltale sign that he was about to blow his load. So, I pulled my arse off of him for one last time, and then slammed onto his cock with all my might. It did the trick. He immediately grabbed my tits and unleashed a wad of the white stuff.

It was an amazing fuck, but I wasn't satisfied yet, and I called a girlfriend who I knew would be up for an anal threesome. When I told my boyfriend what I'd done, he was gob-smacked – and even more so when she showed up with a strap-on dildo. "Come on then, babe!" she ordered. "Assume the position."

I dropped to my knees on the carpet and she coated my arse-hole with lube and slid the big rubber dick all the way inside me. As she was slowly fucking me, she looked over at my boyfriend who was, not surprisingly, wanking. "You can stop that this minute!" she screamed at him. "And come join in the fun. Come and fuck me in the arse!"

> "...waves of ecstasy washed over me, my arsehole tingling and my pussy throbbing wildly..."

He was off the bed in a shot! Having fingered her arse with his lubed-up fingers for a few seconds, he held my girlfriend still and slid home in her hole. On her command he pulled his dick out of my girlfriend's arse a few inches. She did the same with the dildo in my bum, so that on the down-stroke we were all in perfect rhythm. My arse muscles clenched and unclenched with the force of the pummelling, and after only a few minutes of my girlfriend fucking my raw hole I felt another climax building within me. My fingers dug into the thick duvet as the waves of ecstasy washed over me, my arsehole tingling and my pussy throbbing wildly. My fuck partners followed seconds later, as I their pumping ceased and my girlfriend moaned her orgasm into my ear before giving me a long, deep, wet kiss as my boyfriend filled her backside with hot, thick spunk.

Kelly, London.

CONFERENCE BALLING

Working as a sales rep for a vending machine company means I do a heck of a lot of travelling every year. I've never had a nine to five routine in my job, so when people sound amazed as I tell them I drive over 100,000 miles a year for my job it always makes me laugh. As far as I'm concerned I have the best of both worlds; no boss looking over my shoulder in an office, and no moaning girlfriend to nag me when I'm at home. With the hours I work I doubt any woman would ever be happy with getting to see me twice a week for a few hours here and there anyway. So that's why I use my time on the road to play the field as much as possible.

Last month I had to attend a conference that was being held in a hotel not far from Heathrow. I'd been to this type of event many times before and it was the usual routine; shake a few hands, pick up a few brochures, hand out some business cards, bit of polite conversation and then slope off to the hotel bar as soon as possible to get pissed on expenses. This occasion was certainly no different and, after an hour of the usual meet and greet nonsense, I slipped off to the bar.

As the first few gulps of cold lager slid down my throat I noticed a girl sitting across the bar from me. I thought I'd seen her in the conference room on one of the stalls. She was neatly dressed in a business suit and had a name badge on so I was pretty sure it was her who I had seen. Just to make sure, I picked up my pint and joined her on the other side of the bar. "Hi, Jeff's the name; did I just see you in the conference room?" I asked. Laughing, Hannah introduced herself as she sipped at her drink and then said, "Yeah, but I was as bored as you looked so I came here instead. I beat you by a good five minutes." I took another gulp from my pint glass and eyed Hannah up and down. She looked to be in her mid 30s and was in great shape. Her hair and skin looked great and she had a cute smile.

"You far from home, then?" she asked.

"Not really sure where home is anymore," I replied. "But for the next two nights Room 416 will be offering me comfort and shelter."

She laughed at that remark. "Perhaps I should come and visit your home. There's no point in us both

being lonely, is there?" she suggested as she rubbed her leg against mine. My cock rose to attention and strained in my suit trousers. "Let's go," I replied, "bring your drink."

As the lift doors closed behind us Hannah pulled me towards her and kissed me on the lips. As her tongue slipped into my mouth I grabbed at her firm arse and let her feel the hardness of my dick. She rubbed at it excitedly. As I fumbled for my door key, Hannah unzipped my trousers and rubbed at my cock. We fell in the door giggling like teenagers.

"Impaled on my throbbing tool she leaned forward and kissed me, her boobs rubbing against my chest..."

Hannah jumped on the bed and ordered me to undress. "All of it?" I asked creakily as I whipped my trousers off and threw my shirt to the floor. "Yes, all of it. I want to see you totally naked," she replied.

I did as she asked and stood before her in all my glory, my seven inches of hard cock pointing skywards. "Okay, my turn now," squealed Hannah as she pushed me on to the bed. I played with my dick and watched as Hannah peeled off her trousers and jacket. As her blouse was quickly discarded I admired her undies; a black bra and knicker set. "Come on," I urged, my cock throbbing in my hand, "it all needs to come off!"

Hannah smiled and looked directly at me as she removed her bra and revealed her pert little tits. Her dark nipples were swollen and stiff. Still looking at me, Hannah pulled her knickers down and let them slide to the floor. She kicked them off and then joined me on the bed. I ran my fingers through her hair as she took my length in her mouth and squeezed my balls. I pulled her closer and ran my hand up her smooth leg and then to her pussy. I rubbed two fingers up and down her puffy lips for a couple of minutes and then slid my middle finger into her wetness. Hannah grabbed hold of my cock tightly and gasped as I fucked her with my finger.

As her pussy opened up I slipped two more digits inside and then offered her my sticky fingers to lick. She lapped up her own juices and then clambered on to my stiff cock. Impaled on my throbbing tool she leaned forward and kissed me, her boobs rubbing against my chest at the same time. It felt fantastic. I grabbed hold of her arse and spread her cheeks wide as I steered my cock into her wet slit. Hannah was moaning softly as I built up a furious pace. "Do me doggy style," she gasped between breaths.

We got our sweaty bodies in position, Hannah spreading her cheeks for me so I could see both her exposed holes. I eased my cock

back into her, holding on to her hips as I fucked her from behind. As she pushed back on to my cock and shouted at me to come inside her I could contain myself no longer; with a final thrust I shot jets of hot spunk deep inside her tight pussy. We then spent the rest of the weekend drinking from the mini bar, watching porn on the TV and fucking each other's brains out!

Jeff, Warrington.

QUEST

If three's a crowd, then any more than that must be a cluster-fuck – as the Quest girls will attest to...

ANNA, PRESTON

My husband Ralph is a wimp who enjoys knowing that I like to be fucked by other men. Even before we were married I must have slept with dozens of them, singly and in groups, with Ralph either looking on – when I let him – or jerking off while I told him about it afterwards.

I am a big, busty blonde with a wide mouth that I love to wrap around a big cock. It started on the night we became engaged, when Ralph and I met four horny Australians who were dining at the restaurant where we were celebrating our commitment to marriage!

I found myself flirting with them during the evening, and as they responded positively I felt myself getting progressively creamier between my legs, fantasising about the nasty games we might play if we all went home together. It was then that Ralph, who's considerably older than myself and has been married twice before, confessed that his secret fantasy had always been to be cuckolded.

We brought them back to our home and I began stripping and playing with myself, teasing and pressing up against their bulging erections. As they too stripped off, I took two big cocks in my fists and looked around to see what Ralph was doing. It was only then that I noticed that he was gone, but I didn't fret because I realised he was just giving me space. I knew he would want to hear all about my adventures when he returned the next morning.

> "I began stripping and playing with myself, teasing and pressing up against their bulging erections..."

Those four guys... I'll tell you: they fucked me every which way! And their techniques were sensational. For the first time ever I found myself in a real sexual frenzy, screaming out with delight as they stretched my holes with their pricks and I begged them to fuck me even harder.

When I woke up the next morning with my four young studs curled up beside and around me, and my pussy aching for more, I knew I was hopelessly hooked on group sex. All I wanted was to have my pussy and arse filled with cock until I was too sore to take any more. I wanted to be gangbanged and asked the guys to stay there for the rest of the day and fuck my brains out. I phoned Ralph at work, and he said it was fine with him – just so long as I told him all about it later. A small price to pay... and a rather fun price, too.

The only thing I ate that day was come – and I gorged myself on it! My mouth was filled with thick cock, which I willingly took deep into my throat while my arse was simultaneously reamed. It was a day to remember and the start of a new lifestyle for Ralph and me. I loved it more than I would have thought possible.

When the boys finally left and I phoned Ralph to come over, I was reeking of their spunk. Ralph was so excited that he didn't even want me to take a shower before he fucked my come-filled pussy while I related some of the details of my wild experience.

EDWINA, TOWN WITHHELD

I am a sexual submissive and I live to satisfy my Master. His pleasure is to watch me being fucked by his friends, work colleagues and just about anyone he invites in off the street... while mine is to service them to the best of my ability.

Master has a business partner named Tony, who is black and very well-hung, and Tony uses me regularly with Master's permission. I certainly admit to enjoying being fucked by him.

Some time ago he came up with a proposal for my Master to bring me along to a party where I would be cluster-fucked by his wealthy business clients. If I performed well, Master was assured they would secure a large contract they had tendered for.

The prospect of being fucked raw was my deepest fantasy, and that weekend my wishes came true. I was taken by at least 10 men in a spectacular Saturday night gang-bang. Since then, Master has brought me to many more parties at Tony's house and it is now a regular and intensely satisfying occurrence.

At such times I just love to run my fingers over my body, through the warm, sticky streams of come pooling between my breasts or on my tummy, and then lick my fingers while looking the next stud deep in the eyes: subtly challenging him to do better than the last man.

Right from the first gang-bang Master has delighted in videotaping my adventures, so that he can share them with his friends. As a result, Master has received a number of invitations to bring me along to entertain at special fetish orgies. He has also distributed a number of copies among his clients and business associates, and sometimes when I please him Master allows me to watch them as a special treat.

My exhibitionistic streak comes out when I'm being videotaped, and I tend to become very vocal, and begging to be fucked harder, telling them that I'm their sex slave, their whore, their slut, that I'll do anything they ask. So now I can truly say that I'm well on my way to being an amateur porn star.

Master has a very comfortable house in a secluded area outside of town, and has designed a special

bondage bedroom and play area where selected guests may dominate me. The bedroom has a king-size bed complete with restraints and a separate room for all my special clothes and toys. There is of course a hidden camera and Master films every encounter that I have with his chosen guests.

I love spending the night sandwiched between a couple of hard, muscular bodies, and being regularly fucked and used while being in tight bondage. Frequently Master will listen in to the sounds of my mewling and moans, imagining what my lovers and I are up to. He loves to masturbate while doing this, and when his guests are gone as a special treat I sometimes get to suck him off, and swallow his seed.

JODIE, HARROGATE

Not all that long ago my boyfriend and I split up. Disgusted by his constant whining and fussing, I blew him off and that night I had my first one night stand. It was great – far better than the pathetic shags I got from Gary, and it got me to thinking that I would like to try some group sex.

One of my girlfriends recommended that I place an ad in a swingers magazine, and in an effort to make up for lost time I did just that. Before long I had hundreds of replies, and after sifting through them I chose a couple of guys willing to travel all the way from Cardiff to give me the double-dicking of a lifetime.

I gave them my address and they arrived ready, willing and able for the task. They were both well built and raring to go, and it wasn't long before my skirt was up over my backside and I had one set of hands on my arse and another on my tits. It felt so good to be felt up like that and I became tremendously turned on.

We went up to my bedroom, where I

> "...this beautiful black cock filled my slot, and I orgasmed like never before..."

was caressed and kissed and made to feel very desirable. I heard the sounds of belt buckles clinking and shoes being slid off. I was kissing Simon, a chunky blond guy, when a hand from behind guided my left hand back onto a large cock. While I stroked it, I felt Simon's hand playing with my pussy. I was about to come off when he turned me around gently to face Mark, his black friend.

I felt a little awkward as I got on my knees and sucked my first black cock. Holding it in my hand I marvelled at how heavy and full it felt. I was now face-to-face with what I had been missing out on, and happily I stretched my mouth around the knob.

Within a couple of minutes it was fully hard, and I just couldn't believe how big it was, or how turned on I had become! It was as though I had been given a drug and all my senses were in an extremely heightened state of arousal.

I positioned myself on the bed and guided this wonderful cock into my wet pussy. My entire focus was on the intense pleasure as this beautiful black cock filled my slot, and I orgasmed like never before. Mark groaned as his cock sank deeper and he shook and jerked to the pulsing of his own climax.

Lying there dizzy with lust and satisfaction, I felt the weight of someone next to me on the bed.

It was Simon and I had become so overwhelmed with lust that I had, believe it or not, forgotten about him altogether. I couldn't believe I had done that; it's not like me to be so selfish. But he wasn't worried; he kissed me softly and caressed me and it wasn't long before I felt aroused again. While I wanked Simon's boner gently in my hand, he lowered me onto my back and eased his rod inside me, inch by inch. I looked down, past his muscular chest... down to his perfectly chiselled abs, and then down again – to the most perfect white cock any woman could wish for. He rode me deep and quite roughly once he got into his stride, and as the contrast between my two lovers struck me I was all at once lost in a massive wave of orgasm.

HOLLY, NEWCASTLE

One evening last summer my friend Marion invited me to join herself and her next-door neighbour Linda for a girls night in. As I had not been dating for a while and I had nothing on, I agreed and arrived with a six pack of beer and a bottle of vodka. We watched a Hugh Grant video, munched crisps and drank a fair amount. After a while Marion idly began to give me a foot rub, and – just when I was beginning to relax – she suddenly began to suck my big toe!

Her soft lips and hot tongue felt great, and before long I was really enjoying it. Linda was behind me, peeking over my shoulder watching Marion, and, to my increasing confusion, she let her hands run over my tits.

I had often wondered what it would be like to have sex with a woman and here I was becoming very aroused by no fewer than two! Marion began to run her tongue up my legs, nibbling and sucking the sensitive flesh of my inner thigh. I was nervous, but I was enjoying it too much to stop her.

Avoiding my mound, she licked her way up to my tits. My nipples were hard and sensitive, and Marion licked and bit them through the thin material of my top. Linda then pulled my top off and led me through to the bed. Lying me down on it, she started sucking one tit while Marion went for the other. Then both of them began to grope my pussy at the same time.

Marion backed away long enough to strip off and Linda and I quickly followed suit. Linda began kissing me

on the lips. Her mouth and tongue were so sweet that I wondered why I had waited this long to kiss a girl.

Marion gently eased Linda away and lowered her pussy onto my face. Not to be outdone, Linda got between my legs, teasing my cunt with her tongue and fingers. When she slurped up and down on my slit, I did the same to Marion. And when Linda started diddling my clit with her tongue, I unhesitatingly gave the same oral pleasure to Marian. Linda's audacious tongue popped in and out of my tight anus, and I threw caution to the wind and decided to taste this side of life for myself. I made a hard point with my tongue, and poked it out, circling her tight anus with small, soft movements. I could tell by Marion's cries that she was enjoying it all just as much as I was.

I exploded into orgasm after orgasm that evening, as did Marion and Linda. We all rolled around so much, sucking each other's twats, licking each other's tits and doing just about everything else we could think of.

SYLVIA, DERBY

My boyfriend (I'll call him Stan but that's not his real name, he just acts like a "Stan"), though kind, is a bit of a bore sexually, and, although he drives a fast car and has all the right boy-toys, quite frankly he is not up to much in the sack.

I have 38 DD knockers, which means I get an awful lot of offers, but I love Stan, at least in a companionable sort of way and, for the moment at least, I'm fairly comfortable with him. Consequently, I decided long ago that I had better not indulge in penetrative sex outside of our relationship.

> "I stood completely entranced, toying with my soaked pussy while watching her..."

My girlfriend Trish and her husband are swingers and enjoy an open relationship. They go to swinging clubs and have often invited me along. I was not all that interested, until Trish told me about a special tit-fucking night the club was having that Saturday.

I am very proud of my boobs and I thought that this would be an ideal opportunity to show them off and get off without cheating as such.

The club was buzzing when we arrived and, as I watched the proceedings, my nipples became stiff beneath my thin, see-through top. Everyone was tit-fucking! One woman had several men's hard, drooling dicks rubbing all over her gorgeous big tits!

I stood completely entranced, toying with my soaked pussy while watching her. The surrounding tit-fucking frenzy was so erotic to watch. I adored seeing all the semen squirting all over the women's boobs. I'd never seen so much jizz splattered like that. It was everywhere – all over the women's

breasts and nipples, all over their faces and in their hair, all over the carpeting. I even noticed a spot or two hit the wallpaper at one point! The entire playroom reeked of sex!

I thought I'd go insane if I didn't get in on the action, and my goggling eyes must have been sending out that impression, because I soon felt a pair of hands scoop up my boobs from behind, and a man's hard, semen-slick

> "I cupped my boobs and squeezed them together against his stone-hard shaft..."

cock rub up against my arse. Before I knew it, I was bare-breasted and on my back on the carpet, and he was sliding his stiff, long boner between my jugs. I shuddered with excitement as I cupped my boobs and squeezed them together against his stone-hard shaft. While he was fucking my tits two other men knelt down and started rubbing their cocks against my left breast, rubbing and pressing their penises over it and around my erect nipple-bud. Two other fellas knelt down on my right side, and started stroking their beautiful dicks all over my right tit, teasing my right nipple with their oozing cock-slits.

Well, this was Heaven! My boobs had five men pleasuring them at once! All five of my studs were moaning and groaning as they kept on rubbing and fucking their penises all over my mammaries. All around us the swingers were tit-fucking in numerous combinations, their amorous moans bringing me to the edge. My orgasm, when it came, boiled up inside my cunt, and seemed to race through my entire body as semen started spattering my heaving tits.

NADIA, LONDON

My bi girlfriend Caroline and I often attend orgies. We both love to be fucked long and hard and covered with sperm so we can lick it off one another. I admit it – we are fuck hungry bitches, almost constantly in heat, but we enjoy our life and make no apologies for our conduct.

The last party we attended, we both got well-spattered with jizz while eating one another out. Our bodies were thoroughly coated with sperm and cunt-juices, and both of us had our hair plastered to our heads with come and perspiration.

We found a shower and I began soaping Caroline, my hands roaming her body as she undulated sexily against me under the spray. Our hands lingered between one another's thighs, and our essences began flowing once again. Then we stepped out of the shower, got down on the cold tile floor and took it in turns to eat one another out again.

Temporarily sated (and I DO mean very temporarily!) we were drying off using the towels provided by our host, when two men entered the bathroom. I recognised the one with the bigger cock as one who had fucked Caroline earlier and come like a horse.

"Had enough for one night, eh?" He smiled, standing with his hands on his long thick cock which hung semi-hard between his legs.

I looked at Caroline, who just smirked, then I knelt down and began licking his weapon back to hardness, while Caroline continued towelling her hair. The other man moved closer and watched, getting hard again, too. I was sucking now, making the slurping noises one makes when enjoying a particularly juicy thick cock when Caroline knelt behind me. Pulling my hips back she began finger-fucking my wet pussy, at the same time offering her arse to the other man. He slipped his cock into her moist slit and began pumping her doggie. I sucked harder, bobbing on the man's cock until I felt him ready to ejaculate.

"C'mon," I goaded him. "Spray my fucking face with spunk." That line always works for me! With a loud grunt he grabbed my hair and pulled back a little and I grabbed his cock and aimed it at my face, jerking his shaft frantically. Caroline was getting a hard, fast fuck too, and worked another finger into my sopping snatch. I felt my pussy spasm, and sucked his spent prick back into my mouth attempting to suck any remaining seed from his balls.

Caroline slipped a delicate finger into my anus now, frigging both my holes at the one time. My pussy and arsehole clenched on her probing digits and I came hard, spitting the cock out as I flung both my hands on the floor for balance.

The man began stroking himself off, meantime pulling me back upright into the kneeling position by my hair. His creamy mess quite literally hosed out of him, splashing against my face and open mouth, completely covering my chin. More spurted over my tits. I swallowed as much of the bitter-salty liquid as I could lick up. And, as I did so, I heard Caroline climax, and felt her jerk her fingers even deeper inside my cunt.

PICK-UP FUCK

I suppose like most blokes, I'm used to being the one in the driving seat when it comes to chatting up girls. I'm no great stud or anything, but it has always been me who has been the one to approach women in bars. I've never had a woman make a move on me. Well, not until recently, anyway. And I must say, it was possibly the best sex I've ever had.

It was a Thursday night and I was in a great mood as I had just received a huge pat on the back from work, and quite a nice little bonus to go with it. Keen to blow my own trumpet and celebrate, I headed down to the pub where I usually meet my friends for a few beers after work. To my disappointment, however, none of my mates were there. I had a quick beer, but I didn't really fancy drinking alone, so I was all set to leave when a sexy brunette with long legs and a body to die for came over and sat next to me at the bar.

She told me I looked depressed, and asked if I needed any cheering up. She was absolutely gorgeous, with big red lips, deep hazel eyes and I was immediately taken with her. Naturally, I decided to stay for a drink after all!

I bought her a Martini, and myself another beer, and straight away her shameless flirting started. All the usual signs were there: giggling at everything I said, playing with her hair, repeatedly touching me on the arm and staring deep into my eyes. Now, I know it sounds a little silly, but it took me ages to realise that she was chatting me up. Like I say, I was so used to being the one doing the chatting up, it came as a bit of a surprise to me.

She was dressed in a little black dress and, as she sat on the stool next to me, I couldn't help but notice her stocking stops just creeping out from under the hem. Her well-manicured nails played around the rim of her glass, and I quickly became lost in her eyes and soft, sultry accent. We chatted for about an hour, laughing and joking, and it honestly wasn't until she asked me if I'd like to go back to her place that I finally twigged. I was being picked up! Instantly I was hit with both a sense of surprise that this was actually happening to me, and a severe ego-boosting burst of pride. After all, this girl was quite a stunner, and could have had any guy in the place, but she chose me.

"...she started gyrating her hips down onto mine, dry-humping me as I sucked hard on her tit..."

Like I say, I was a bit slow on the uptake and she literally had to nudge me and say, "Well, are you coming, or are you staying here?" I was on my feet in seconds, and out the door as we jumped into a taxi.

When we arrived at her flat, again she took complete control. She climbed out of the taxi, leaving me to pay, and slowly, sexily sauntered up to the door. She walked in, leaving the door open and I followed her in. Saying nothing, she took my hand and led me straight into the bedroom. She told me to take my clothes off, and as I did, she slipped off her dress and stood in front of me in a black bra and knickers, long sexy stockings and spiked high heels.

She then came towards me, pushing me back onto the bed, and climbing on top of me. Straight away her mouth was on mine, kissing me deeply as her tongue penetrated my lips and washed against mine. My cock was absolutely rock hard now, as this sexy sophisticated woman had her way with me.

She unclasped her bra and, breaking away from our kiss, lifted my head and pushed one nipple into my mouth. Letting out long, deep breaths, she started gyrating her hips down onto mine, dry-humping me as I sucked hard on her tit. I moved my hands onto her arse, grabbing her fleshy buttocks, but she quickly smacked them away. She was clearly in control here, and I was to do only as I was told.

Letting me up for air, she pushed my head back down into the pillow, before shifting her position and raising herself above me. Her long nails raked harshly down my stomach before she took a firm hold on my cock. Then, hitching her panties to one side, she lowered herself down onto me. My cock slid up into her wet pussy with ease and with one long, slow movement I was in her to the hilt. Her hands pressed firmly down on my chest, instructing me not to move, as she rose up and then pushed back down. Building a rhythm, her heavy breaths soon turned to deep moans of pleasure as she rode me hard.

I still couldn't believe it; I'd been picked up in a bar by this hot chick, and now she was quite literally fucking me. It was the greatest thrill I could imagine.

Her movement became harder and faster as she raised her hands from my chest to play with her breasts. I was coming very close to releasing my load as she started to really pound down onto me. Then, as her moans became yelps of pleasure, and her head tilted back, her pussy contracted around my cock, squeezing it, tightening even more as she came. It was all too much for me, and my cock exploded, releasing jets of hot, thick come deep inside her spasming pussy.

She collapsed down on to me, gave me a peck on the cheek, and rolled over. "You can go now," she said. "I'm done with you."

Johnny, Exeter.

HEY SUCKA!

I would like to tell your readers about the best blow-job I ever had – to my mind, the best one any guy has ever had. This was truly special, and happened some time ago, not long after I had my appendix out at the local hospital. A few days after the operation, I was up on my feet again and looking forward to going home.

But there was one particular nurse on the ward who caught my eye. She was Julie, a perky young thing with big knockers, a fabulously sexy smile and lovely, curly dark hair. She was a favourite with all the male patients.

I got on with her particularly well, and the day that I was due to go home she came past specially to say goodbye. As it turned out, she was just about to go off duty and she kindly offered to come home with me in the taxi to help me to get settled in.

When we arrived at my place she fussed around for a bit, making sure that I had all the necessities like milk, coffee, etc. To cut a long story short, we got along famously and she took to calling in every day until I was almost fully recovered.

I became besotted with Julie and, when I made a pass at her, she responded favourably. The only problem was that I was still not up to having full intercourse, and being around Julie always made me get hard.

Julie was amused by how hot I was and teased me a little before offering to blow me. We sat side by side on the sofa, and her fingers gradually moved to the crotch of my jeans and finally rested on my throbbing hard-on.

I moaned and reached out, pulling her to me. Our lips met and we kissed deeply. My cock strained painfully against the denim, trying to free itself

> "...her fingers lovingly caressed my throbbing shaft..."

as Julie caressed it. My hands groped her bulging tits and I caressed and tweaked her erect nipples.

"Just relax," she soothed. "I've got something special planned for you." I grinned as she eased me back on the sofa, her fingers working to unbutton my shirt.

Pulling my shirt open to expose my chest, she leaned down and licked and kissed me from my navel to my neck and back down again. Simultaneously, her hands worked away at my crotch. Easing my boxers and denims down, her full, sensuous lips parted and her tongue flicked out, glistening wetly as she drew the tip of her tongue slowly over her lips, wetting and preparing them. Then, quickly, with an impatient groan, she began to remove her clothes.

As her fingers lovingly caressed my throbbing shaft, I palmed the underside of her melons with both hands, squeezing and fondling them

as she moaned with appreciation.

My thumbs inched up the slopes of her breasts and rubbed over the stiff buttons of her nips. She groaned lustfully, telling me to lean back, and to allow her to do the rest. She smiled up at me as she slid from the sofa to

> "Her cheeks hollowed deeply as she sucked ever more strongly on my cock."

kneel between my spread legs.

Tenderly, her finger moved along the pulsing shaft of my prick, her fingertips caressing the tingling helmet as they lightly teased its sensitive circumference. Then, gripping my rock-hard cock at the base with one hand, she pulled me forward a little. She parted her lips and extended her tongue slowly until, after what seemed like an eternity, the tip touched my blood-engorged cockhead.

I was lost. Muttering, begging – probably both, I don't know. I'd never experienced such a practiced oral seduction. As my cock pulsed and twitched in her fist, Julie's eyes widened with excitement, noting a transparent drop of pre-come ooze from the end. Then her eyes met mine again for a brief moment, before her gaze returned to my prick.

Again, she eased forward, her tongue protruding toward my cock-head. The tip of her tongue touched my helmet again, capturing the glistening drop of pre-come, then curling back into her mouth. I tossed my head back, but looked down again immediately.

Her lips pursed around my cock and, at the same time, her tongue flicked mercilessly to and fro across my helmet. Her head bobbed on my now-invisible penis as she began to suck in earnest, occasionally using one hand to ease it in and out of her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed deeply as she sucked ever more strongly on my cock.

Her head moved up and down and side to side as she sucked, making my cock twist and turn like a snake in her mouth, until at last Julie was riding my cock with her face. Over and over, she whipped her tongue around my prick, lashing it against my sensitive cock-head.

My balls tightened, then I let out a roar as my come literally gushed from me, filling her mouth and spilling from the sides of her lips. Still she kept sucking, and to my disbelief, still I kept firing spunk into her mouth, groaning and grunting and tossing my head.

When I had completely shot my load, Julie was still working on me, pushing spilled come back into her mouth with her fingers and smiling up at me, so plainly pleased with herself at having made such a perfect job of sucking me off, and bringing me such intense release and pleasure.

Martin, Windsor.

GAY DAY

Until reading *Mayfair* with my husband, I had never realised that men get so turned on seeing two women together. He loves the girl-on-girl sets and often asks me if I'd like to try something like that out. The truth is, however, that I once had a lesbian encounter; one which I have not yet had the bottle to tell him about. Perhaps the best way for him to find out is by reading it in his favourite magazine. So here goes…

It was just three weeks before our wedding and I was due to have a dress fitting on the Monday evening. As usual, I was running late, and the traffic in the town centre was horrific. By the time I had arrived at the shop it was 6.30pm and the manageress, June, was just locking up. Apologising for being late for my fitting, I asked if there was any chance of her taking me.

Sighing, she agreed, and let me in, re-locking the door behind us. It was a beautiful shop, full of stunning bridal wear and accessories, including some very sexy lingerie. We went to the back of the shop where there was a large open area surrounded by mirrors in which you could view yourself from every angle.

June brought my dress. It was short, strapless and made of the sheerest silk, which clung to my every curve. I removed my skirt and blouse, leaving on my bra and panties.

"You'll have to lose the bra, dear," June said to me.

I was a little embarrassed flashing my breasts in front of this woman – whom I hardly knew – but thought that, well, she must have seen hundreds in her line of work. So, off it came.

"You've a lovely pair," she told me as I stared at her, startled by the remark. "Size 36C, are they?" I replied that they were in fact 38C.

She nodded, smiling, and passed me the wedding dress.

I started to slip it on, but I couldn't pull it up over my breasts. "Just as I thought," she murmured. "I'll have to increase the bust size." Then, passing me a robe, she went into the back room.

Twenty minutes elapsed before she came back with the dress. I slipped it on and this time I was able to pull it all the way up.

June stepped behind me, looking at me in the mirror. "We need to adjust your cleavage so everything sits properly," she said casually. Then she slid her hands around to my breasts and started to gently knead them into the dress. I jumped a little! I had never had a woman touch my breasts before, and, truth be told, the touch of her long slim fingers sent shivers through me. Her fingertips were brushing against my nipples, causing them to become erect. I was embarrassed and excited at the same time. Yet she didn't seem to notice. Or so I thought.

"There," she said, "that looks better." Looking in the mirror, I was completely stunned. It fit me like a glove.

While I was admiring myself I felt June rubbing her palm over my bum. "This won't need too much adjusting," she said as she turned me around to face her. And then she began rubbing my bum cheeks with both hands!

Here I was, standing there in this silk dress with this woman holding me close to her, lustfully fondling my rear. I was already a little excited from her handling my breasts, but now that she was rubbing my bum I could feel my pussy quickly becoming very wet.

"All that's wrong," she said, squinting at my arse in the mirror, "is that you can see the outline of your panties. And that won't do. Not in one of my dresses." She stepped away and gathered an armful of assorted panties from a nearby display shelf. "Let's see if one of these pairs can eliminate those lines. Pull up your dress and slip those off."

As I struggled to raise the hem, she slid her hands up my thighs, helping to pull up her silk creation, and tugging down my now-damp panties. I hoped she wouldn't notice the wet patch as my shaved pussy came into view. But she said nothing. I stepped into an expensive G-string, which she drew up my legs.

As she pulled the sides over my hips she brushed her hand lightly over my mound. My body tensed as I involuntarily pushed my bum back into her.

"Sorry," she murmured. "Am I getting you excited?" Before I could splutter an answer, she tugged down the dress and turned me to face her again, rubbing her hands over my bum once more to smooth out the wrinkles.

There was nothing to these panties except a very thin triangle of see-through material covering the front, and a thin string running up the rear. June pulled this tight before smoothing out the front of the dress, slowly rubbing the material across my clit!

I couldn't believe how this woman was making me feel! She continued to move her hand over my pussy, and I finally gave myself away entirely by moaning involuntarily. Immediately, she pressed the dress-front and pushed the flimsy material into my dripping pussy.

I hitched up the dress and spread my thighs so she had better access. I had some idea of what was coming and I wanted it. I wanted it badly.

Then her tongue was in my mouth, and we were kissing passionately.

After a moment of snogging, she steered me back onto a large sofa chair. Then, spreading my legs, she got on her hands and knees, pulled aside the G-string and started to lick and suck my soaking pussy!

I was going crazy! It was fantastic! I didn't want it to end. June knew exactly where to lick me, and I almost

lost my mind with excitement when she sucked my erect clit into her mouth.

With the dress still pushed up around my stomach I glanced into the mirror. The reflection showed June on all fours between my legs. I pulled out my tits and started to finger my erect nipples, noticing with an additional thrill that she had no panties on and had spread her thighs in such a fashion that her skirt was now hitched up around her hips.

She was sliding her fingers up and down her juiced-up slit. In the mirror we made an unbelievable and unspeakably sexy picture. There was I with my legs spread wide, and a beautiful woman between them, eating me out while she finger-fucked herself. It was too much! My orgasm overwhelmed me and I screamed out as I experienced the most intense climax of my life.

Kelly, Cambridge.

SEX MAD SLUT

My girlfriend Karen is a cock-teasing slut who dresses, behaves and looks just like a whore. And best of all, she's absolutely insatiable. She's constantly jumping on me as soon as I walk in the door from work (sometimes I'll have fucked her three times before I even get my dinner), and she's always horny. And I mean always!

To give you an idea of what it's like to live with such a fuck-hungry little whore, I'll tell you about an incident that happened not more than 10 days ago. I was at work, when I received a call in the afternoon from Karen telling me not to be late from work, as she was feeling really horny and she was desperate for some cock. Well, I've seen her in these moods before, and believe me, there was no way I was going to be late home. Unfortunately, roadworks on the motorway weren't doing me any favours, and I ended up getting home more than an hour late.

As I entered the flat, there was no immediate sign of her, until I looked to the bedroom door as she came shuffling out. Her hair was all mussed up and her make-up was a little smeared. She was wearing a black satin camisole, and from the way it was all creased it was obvious that she had been rolling around on the bed. Clearly she had been really horny, and decided to get started without me. She looked like she'd been frigging herself off for hours.

In fact, she looked precisely like the sexually depraved nymphomaniac that she is, and my cock immediately hardened as I drank in her dishevelled appearance. Looking slightly miffed and unsatisfied, she simply grabbed hold of my belt buckle and pulled me towards her. "Get your trousers off," she said. "I want that cock, and I want it now!"

I spun her around by her elbow and bent her unceremoniously over the arm of the sofa. She sprawled across it with her face on the seat cushions and just waggled her arse at me.

With her full buttocks wriggling provocatively in my face I lost it and reached for the hem of her tiny camisole, flicking it up over her back. It was no surprise that she was wearing no panties, and her pussy was already glistening with the sticky wetness of her cunt juice.

Grabbing a bum cheek in each hand, I pulled them apart and stared at her ringpiece. I bent my head toward her puckered, pink arsehole and prodded it with my tongue. A low sigh escaped her lips and she raised her hips slightly as though trying to force harder contact. As I ran my tongue around the rim I took in the warm, musky smell of her pussy juices. This always really gets me going, and my cock really started throbbing, desperate to be encased deep inside her.

Licking up some of the gorgeous fanny juice that was literally dripping from her wanton hole, I positioned my fingers on either side of her ring, pulled it into a gape and pushed my tongue in, struggling to force the tip past her constricting muscles. With a string of expletives Karen urged me to continue, and I felt her relax her sphincter. This finally allowed my tongue to move in and out of her arsehole.

Anxious to cop a feel of her come-soaked cunny, I used my right thumb and forefinger to keep her anal entrance open, and, keeping my tongue at work there, slid my right hand between her thighs, seeking out her pussy.

The muscle at the base of my tongue had begun to tire as I strained to push it deeper inside her.

By now I had three fingers sliding back and forth in her pussy, while my thumb gently circled the sensitive skin between her fanny and arsehole, and my little finger stroked her pussy lips and clit.

Her pussy gripped my fingers and she squealed aloud as she came, writhing her hips frantically and throwing her head back. With one final buck she let out a loud, high-pitched whimper and then went limp, lying quietly over the arm of the sofa to recover.

My cock was straining fit to tear a hole in my boxers, so I dropped my jeans and released what was, quite possibly, the hardest boner I've ever had.

Moving in closer, I placed my hand on the base of her spine and guided my cock inside her oozing pink pussy lips. It slipped in easily, and she let out a soft, whimpering moan as my cock penetrated her to the hilt and my balls slapped lightly against her arse.

I pounded my throbbing prick in and out of her like a jack hammer, straining to push even deeper and really give her the fucking of her life. As I slammed my hips hard against her buttocks, her moans grew louder, drowned out slightly by the slapping of my balls against her rampant arse

cheeks. The quicker I fucked her the louder the insatiable slut screamed her pleasure, and demanded me to fuck her harder and harder. In desperation, I pulled out all the stops, grabbing a firm hold on her shoulders and fucking her as fast and hard as I could. Suddenly her moaning stopped and her whole body went tense as her orgasm hit her, and she started shaking and screaming louder than I've ever heard her.

Unsurprisingly, the hard fucking and her animated reaction pushed me over the edge, and I just had enough time to slip my cock out of her pussy before I exploded, spraying thick white jets of sticky spunk over her rosy arse cheeks.

Don, Manchester.

MAYFAIR LETTERS

LAVATORY LOVE

For years I have marvelled at the adventures of the lucky blokes who send letters into *Mayfair*, and to be truthful I never thought that I myself would have a story to write in about. But recently I was given real reason to believe the old saying that every dog does have his day.

My mate Steve and I go clubbing on weekends. Last Saturday we had a couple of pints down our local before moving on, around closing time, to our favourite club. This has been our routine for the past two years, and although I sometimes get lucky, I usually wake up with a hangover and some scary looking bird in my bed.

> "The more I thought about fucking her, the harder I became."

Last Saturday, though, my luck really changed. Steve and I noticed a group of three exceptionally fit-looking birds checking us out before giggling and looking away. Naturally, we bought them some drinks and danced with all three of them in turn. The confusing thing was that while they seemed interested enough, none of them showed any signs of wanting to pair off.

The one that took my fancy was Carol, who looked a little bit like Britney Spears. She certainly dressed like her and was wearing those figure-hugging hipster jeans, a cropped top stretched across her DDs and a silver piercing in her navel. Just looking at her made my plums ache, and the more I thought about fucking her, the harder I became, until my erection had become embarrassingly obvious. It was then that I noticed the ladies had become even more giggly and were playfully nudging one another.

Finding the situation a little bit too much, I loped off to the Gents to cool off. Luckily the place was empty and without the stimulus of Carol's bare belly, my cock softened enough to allow me to take a much needed leak.

I was standing at the urinals just about to start peeing, when I heard the door behind opening and some people coming in. Then the hair on the back of my neck stood up as I heard the familiar giggling of these three same young ladies!

I spun around, forgetting to cover myself up, and I asked them rather angrily what the fuck they were up to. Without the least embarrassment, the three brazen tarts stared at my penis. Then Carol smirked in triumph at the others and said: "Told you! He *is* packing a whopper."

Okay, I admit, at five foot six I am a little shorter than average, but in the trouser department I'd be lying if I came over all modest and pretended that I'm not pretty well hung for my height. Refusing to allow myself to be humiliated by these smirking birds, I waggled my cock at them and

mockingly asked if any of them were woman enough to handle it.

I didn't realistically expect any takers, but this Carol bird turned to her friends and told them to hop it before cheekily telling me that she was up to the job. Things like this never happen to guys like me. I was gobsmacked. Truth is that the ladies were totally smashed and the alcohol had made them even more brazen and daring than they usually were.

In her ultra-high spike heeled slutty shoes Carol was taller than me, but it didn't seem to bother her much. With one hand on my dick and the other playing with the hairs at the back of my neck, Carol kissed me full on the lips, burying her tongue inside my mouth.

> "I licked and chewed lightly on her pointy teats while my cock throbbed and pumped her pussy."

My cock felt near to exploding in her lovely hand and I had to concentrate hard not to junk off in her fist. Carol helped me out, though. With her lips still clamped to mine she steered us into one of the toilet cubicles and locked the door, her hand still stroking my cock.

Suggesting I put down the toilet lid and sit on it, she rolled up her skimpy top, displaying her beautiful big creamy-white jugs, which peaked into the most suckable dark pink nipples. This girl was the star prize, no question, and when she had shed her tight jeans and revealed her neatly trimmed snatch I knew that I had hit the jackpot!

Placing her long legs either side of me, she placed one hand on my shoulder while with the other she lowered and guided her soaking pussy down onto my straining cock. Her long moist lips slid easily apart as she squatted even lower, filling her cunt hole with my tool. It felt better than anything, and I gripped her waist and pulled her down hard to achieve maximum penetration.

Squirming around on my lap with her pussy muscles tightening around my raging hard-on, and wrapping her arms around my neck, she pressed her big bristols into my face, and I licked and chewed lightly on her pointy teats while my cock throbbed and pumped in her pussy.

The nipple sucking seemed to drive her wild and she began to ride my cock even more energetically, really bumping up and down on my lap, her arse-checks smacking on my thighs. Fuck! We were really going at it when the outer toilet door opened and two blokes came in chatting noisily about football. I tried to hold her still, making a shushing noise in an effort to keep our presence quiet, but Carol was having none of it.

As if she wanted them to know what we were up to, she moaned and began to pant loudly while putting extra effort into bouncing up and down on my cock. The lads stopped their chatting and began to laugh. "Lucky bastard," I heard one of them say, which seemed to made Carol work her hips in an even more frenzied fashion.

The buggers certainly took their time at the urinals and while they were there Carol continued to shag me. Her big breasts bumped against my face and her cunt tightened on my tool until eventually I couldn't give a fuck who was outside or might burst in on us. I had reached the point of no return, and with one mighty heave I emptied my balls into Carol's box, burying my face between her heaving tits as I spunked right up inside her.

Mike, London.

BLOW ME

Gerry, my husband, is a real hunk. He is tall, handsome, really well hung and knows just how to get my fanny-juices bubbling. This is just as well because I am one of those women who needs sex on a regular basis, and can't help getting a bit ratty if I'm denied relief.

Thankfully, our love life is active and adventurous, with both of us initiating intercourse whenever we feel in the mood. However, there are times when a girl just has to take what she needs, no matter what the circumstances, and only last week I found myself in a position where I had to do exactly that.

I had been out with some girlfriends for a Chinese meal and a few drinks. Alcohol always makes me extra horny and when I got home I was ready for a couple of rounds in the sack with Gerry. To my disappointment, I found that the house was in darkness and Gerry had already gone to bed. He had been working late for the past few days and, as I was out, he'd gone to bed early.

I went to the bathroom to get ready for bed too, but my pussy was aching, and as I undressed I began to fondle my breasts. Instantly my nipples became stiff and I pinched them, enjoying the thrill as twinges of sexual arousal spread down to my crotch.

Moving my fingers to my groin, I combed them through my soft pubic hair and slid them across my swollen labia. Spreading my thighs, I began to knead my mound, sliding a finger over my tingling clitoris.

It felt so good that I pushed two fingers deep into my pussy, pumping them quickly and roughly inside. The sensation was, as always, exquisite, and I moaned aloud as I made myself come on my hand.

It felt great, but somehow I was now in even more need of a shag than ever. I suppose I'm just greedy, but frankly, my Gerry's cock never appealed more than it did at that minute and I just couldn't wait until morning.

I got into the bed gently and quietly beside him. He was lying on his

back. Moving beneath the sheets, I positioned myself over his groin. His big cock was flaccid as he lay there in peaceful sleep and I couldn't resist the temptation to run my hands up his thighs as I began to lick and kiss his groin.

Still asleep, he moaned as I took his soft penis inside my mouth and started sucking. His buttocks tensed involuntarily as I licked the top of his circumcised rod, tonguing his cock-hole until I felt his shaft swelling and stiffening. Sucking his helmet between my lips, I felt it growing even faster and I held it in my mouth until my cheeks were bulging.

With Gerry's cock now fully erect, I began to tease it, licking the bell-end as though it were an ice cream cone. Then, gently cupping his scrotum in one palm, I squeezed the base of his

> "I drew his cockhead between my lips, pressing his knob-end down hard against my tongue."

penis with the fingers of my free hand, watching with pleasure as his helmet darkened and a bead of pre-come dribbled over its shiny, purple surface.

Still asleep, he shifted under the covers, his arse cheeks clenching and his hips moving back and forth. Instinctively he reached down to my head, caressing my hair as I busied myself with his truncheon.

Again I drew his cockhead between my lips, pressing his knob-end down hard against my tongue. His tool was so engorged that the taut skin felt rock hard against my lips. Sucking his swollen glans into my mouth, I tasted the pre-come that was oozing from its tip.

Holding my head against him, Gerry began whispering unintelligibly, as though having a conversation in his dream. I pushed my mouth down further, allowing his cock to push its way deeper into my mouth. Then, slurping noisily, I pulled my lips back up along the length of his shaft, right up to the tip.

His legs twitched as my lips tightened and I sucked harder, drawing his cockhead back into my throat. Releasing it before I gagged, I pulled back up again and started to gobble faster.

My head was bobbing beneath our sheets and Gerry's thighs tensed and relaxed with the rhythm of my movements. Closing my palm gently around his ball-sac, I felt his testicles contract as his orgasm fast approached.

I opened my jaw wider to allow me to bob my head faster. At this point, all the activity plus the loud slurps finally woke him up, and he caressed my cheek, urging me in a dozy voice to keep going. I had every intention of doing just that, and continued to move up and down, pushing his helmet into the back of my throat and out again until my lips were at the edge of his glans.

I was really excited and my pussy was wet and aching, so I ground it on his knee as I sucked him nearer to orgasm. The feeling of his muscular hairy leg rubbing against my clit brought me closer to climax. And then I came, my pussy spasming and contracting as waves of bliss shook me from head to toe.

What a relief! Gratefully, I grabbed his shaft, pushing it into my mouth as I went down on him again, sucking as hard as I could. His body tensed as his sperm surged from his knob, filling my mouth. I sucked the last few drops from him, revelling in the sweet, salty taste, before smiling up at him and swallowing the whole lot down.

Catherine, Dorset.

MAYFAIR LETTERS

PARTY SPLATTER

My French girlfriend, Chantelle, is one mad bitch when she gets a few drinks down her. She's a sexy girl and, given the least bit of encouragement, will flaunt her assets to anyone willing to watch. However, until last week I didn't realise just how far she would go. When I saw her performance I decided to write in and tell your readers just how nasty my filthy French babe can be.

We were at my best mate Tom's 21st and Chantelle had been drinking hard all evening. She was really out of it, dancing in the centre of the room, doing a very good impression of a professional stripper. All my mates were encouraging her by whistling and cheering, and I have to admit that I was enjoying the show and had no intention of trying to stop her.

Swaying her hips, she slowly unbuttoned the front of her blouse with one hand while taking a swig of vodka straight from the bottle. She shrugged the blouse off of her shoulders, allowing it to slide down her arms and drop to the floor. The clapping and cheering grew louder as she slid down onto the floor and, pulling up her skirt up, began to rub the bottle neck up and down her saturated gusset.

Almost immediately the audience began to chant, "Stick it in! Stick it in!" So she rubbed the head of the bottle faster and faster against her crotch. At this stage most of the women in the room moved back or just plain left in embarrassment, although one or two remained in the cheering crowd that surrounded my slutty, attention-loving girlfriend.

By now I thought that she had gone as far as she would go, but no, Chantelle was only getting into her stride. Raising the bottle to her lips, she took another deep swig and then began to suck on it suggestively. Her almost exclusively male audience was now in a bit of frenzy and some blokes had even started fondling the fronts of their trousers quite openly.

Delighted by the attention, the dirty little tramp smiled all round and, pulling her gusset aside, began to slide the bottle neck inside her slot! The clear glass neck disappeared deep inside her swollen pussy flaps, pulling them back between the dense curly pubes of her mound.

Chantelle likes to keep her bush natural, and what a spectacle it was watching her large meaty pussy lips being pulled back and forth through

> "The clear glass neck disappeared inside her swollen pussy flaps…"

her dense pubes as she fucked herself with the bottle. Things seemed to be getting a little out of hand but I wasn't about to become a party pooper, so I cheered along with the rest. In fact, I was actually getting off knowing that the others were as hot for a piece of my Euro trash girlfriend as I was

myself.

Still sawing the bottle neck in and out of her pussy, Chantelle began to toy with her clit at the same time. Then, with her usual string of loud French expletives she climaxed, and the crowd hushed as they watched her pussy muscles clamp around the neck of the bottle. Her whole body was shuddering and her juices were dribbling onto the floor!

"Fuck, yeah!" someone shouted, and many hands helped my slut of a girlfriend to her feet.

Pushing them away rather drunkenly and wobbling unsteadily on her legs, Chantelle gulped down some more vodka from the bottle, flicking the rim with her tongue, openly licking her lips to let all the guys know she was tasting herself.

Someone unhooked her bra, exposing her firm, round tits, and it became clear that there was going to be a free for all as Chantelle stepped out of her sodden panties and, with a slightly sozzled glance in my direction, asked if there was anyone there "man enough" to fuck her.

Tom looked at me too, but fuck it, my cock was like a metal bar, and when I nodded consent, the birthday boy picked her up and carried her to the sofa. Standing in front of her, he dropped his jeans and pants and tugged out his cock. Chantelle reached for it, smiling and, unperturbed by the audience, began licking its length before sucking on the head. It felt unreal, watching my girlfriend giving a blow-job to my best mate. Unreal, but bloody thrilling. It's hard to describe.

Tommy slowly rocked his hips back and forth as he began to fuck her face, gradually feeding his cock into

> "it felt unreal watching my girlfriend giving a blow-job to my mate."

her mouth deeper and faster. By now some of the other guests had lowered their trousers and had pulled out their cocks, and I noticed that the last couple of females who'd remained behind had finally seen enough and taken off.

Then Tom asked her to get on her hands and knees. Chantelle did so and was soon moaning loudly as he pumped her from the rear. Taking advantage of her open mouth, Ron, another of my close friends, slid his big cock between her lips and began to fuck it.

Soon another bloke had pushed in on the act, and Chantelle took turns sucking and stroking them both. Within minutes Ron had shot a huge load of come into her mouth, while the other bloke held back, waiting for a clear shot at her spunk-splattered lips.

The dirty little slut was smiling broadly with come leaking out of her mouth as Tom gripped her hips tightly and drilled his dick harder into her wet cunt. He fucked her fast and hard, pushing himself all the way in with each stroke. Chantelle was totally enjoying the pounding, urging him to fuck her harder. He continued to hump her as yet another team of blokes moved in front of her to take possession of her mouth.

It was cool beyond belief seeing the sexy trollop taking such a pounding and knowing that she was really enjoying herself, and when, with one final jerk, Tom unloaded his seed inside her pussy, another bloke moved in to take his place.

Things went on like this until almost every bloke at Tom's party had taken a turn. Reluctant to take sloppy seconds (or tenths more like) I took up position in front of her, and, handing her back the bottle of vodka that she had used in her earlier performance, I waited until she had taken a long drink before fucking her mouth. Meanwhile, some other bloke I hardly knew was fucking her hard from behind, and by this time I was so aroused by her filthy behaviour that I shot my load in double-quick time.

Marcus, Croydon.

LESBI-FRIENDS REUNITED

My husband Paul and I have been married for six years now. We got married early and, although our sex life was always good, we both knew that we needed more so we agreed on an open marriage.

This works well, as we are free to invite our other partners home. I am bisexual and usually only bother screwing other women, since Paul's cock is always available whenever I need it.

A while ago I met up with Lucy, an old friend I had fancied rotten during our college days. We had a coffee together and, after going through the usual stuff about what had happened since we left school, we finally got round to talking about more intimate things.

In a rash moment, I admitted that I was bisexual and that I had fancied the knickers off her all those years ago. Imagine how chuffed I felt when, instead of acting horrified, she told me that my feelings had been reciprocated and that she still thought I was really hot!

I invited her round that evening and as we parted we embraced, her breasts lightly pressing against mine through our jackets. I watched her tight little arse as she headed out of the coffee shop, and my heart nearly stopped as she turned around, smiled sweetly and blew me a sexy kiss.

I wanted to rush over and snog the face off her, but I was stuck in a café in the middle of town, so I went home in a state of excitement and collapsed onto the bed. I actually felt dizzied by my encounter.

With a vision of her tight little bum in my mind, I plunged my hand inside my jeans and shoved two fingers into my wet pussy. Pinching a nipple with

my other hand, I fingered myself in a frenzy until I rocked with a massive orgasm.

As I opened my eyes, I looked up and saw Paul grinning down at me, unzipping his flies. The sight of his cock in his fist did it for me and my back arched as my fingers worked furiously to propel me through a second and then a third orgasm. Before I could come up for air, Paul had grabbed the legs of my jeans and was pulling them off. They were barely clear of my feet when he was on top of me, tearing my panties as he pushed my legs apart and entered me.

My hips moved up to meet his tool as he pistoned it between my swollen labia. I was well lubricated and he rode me hard and fast, so ferociously my pussy clenched around it as I climaxed yet again, thinking all the time about Lucy. We were both so excited that it did not last as long as normal, but my pussy certainly appreciated the extra stimulation of his fat cock. Pulling my legs up and holding them apart by the ankles, he pounded my slot deep and fast until he shot his load inside my convulsing pussy.

Feeling weak from the hard fucking that I had just received, I staggered into the bathroom and turned on the shower. I stayed a long time under the hot water, working my soapy hands between my legs and over my nipples. Lathering up the soap, I slipped my finger deep inside my arsehole, getting my rectum squeaky-clean. I adored having it licked and sucked, and I wanted it perfect for Lucy.

I slipped on a thin cotton dress, not bothering to put on anything else except my shoes. After all, we weren't planning to go anywhere but bed. Lucy arrived a few minutes ahead of time, fabulous in a little black dress that looked as though it had been painted on. She smiled broadly and placed her hands on her hips, spreading her hips to make the dress even tighter.

> "Her lips were swollen with arousal..."

Our eyes were locked as she told me that she wanted me. Pulling my dress up over my head, I moved into her arms. We French-kissed, our tongues dancing lightly around in one another's mouths. Then, unable to wait, I removed her dress and found that she too was naked underneath. Dropping down until I was squatting in front of her with my mouth level with her pussy, I placed a hand behind her knee and raised her leg to rest on my shoulder. With a growl of animal lust, I covered her pussy with my mouth and ate her for all I was worth.

Her lips were swollen with arousal, and their delicate pinkness flared wide open at the touch of my tongue. I went to work even more earnestly, licking the soft slick creases of her vagina and sucking hard on her clit. Then, getting a flash of inspiration, I began licking towards her anus. It was such a nasty turn-on that I could not resist using the tip of my tongue to tease her puckered ring.

"Oh, Julia, please yes, I'm coming" she stammered as her body trembled and I sank my tongue into her crinkled anus. I immediately whirled her round and stuck my tongue in her pussy again. She was almost sobbing with pleasure, pushing her arse back against my face as her orgasm rushed over her, her pink inner pussy walls quivering and contracting, and I suddenly tasted the sweet squirt of warm girl-come in my mouth.

I swallowed it and then sucked her clit between my lips, causing her to come again, and reward me with another taste of honey. Holding it in my mouth I stood up and pressed my body against her. She moaned as I covered her mouth with mine, and began to drink her own thick, tangy love juice.

It had been a long time since I loved her from afar at college, but it was well worth the wait!

Julia, Suffolk.

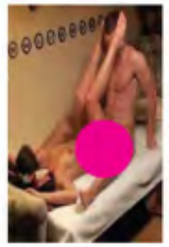
REVISTA MARKETING

HARDCORE PORN DVDs

CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE - 0034 951 161 100 - OPEN MON TO FRI - 9.30 TO 5.00

Amateur Porn Auditions
CODE: RM206

Description
Teenage girls (18+), housewives, MILFs & mature ladies all turn up wanting to work in the porn industry. See how they compete with each other as the girls willing to allow the most perverted sex acts to take place make it happen.

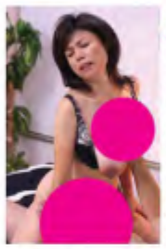


Homemade Porn Clips
CODE: RM207

Description
A collection of homemade porn clips sent in by budding amateurs. If you want to see women of all ages getting banged silly by ordinary blokes then this is the DVD for you. Every position, every sex act - amateur pornography at its best.

Cheap Chavvy C**k Teasers
CODE: RM208

Description
These girls will frustrate you as the DVD is purely about tease & you'll continually want her to go further but she won't be hurried. We guarantee you will not be able to watch this without getting frustrated but will end up cumming buckets.



Mature Nymphs Of Japan
CODE: RM209

Description
They are compliant & submissive & will do anything they are told. These mature Japanese ladies really are the ultimate sex machines so if you'd like to masturbate to Oriental women in their late 40s & early 50s here's your chance.

Amateur Home Footage
CODE: RM210

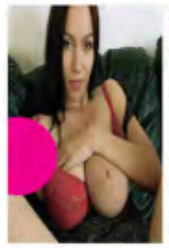
Description
Want to see what average women get up to during the day. Fancy nipping round & screwing them on their own leather settee? These amateurs love to spread their legs & offer bare back blow jobs.

Teen Girl Strap On Sex Orgies
CODE: RM211

Description
No men allowed here - this is sexual fun for 18 & 19 year old girls only. Watch as they French kiss, finger, fondle & lick one another before engaging in hardcore, no holds barred strap on penetration. Unzip & enjoy the lesbian ride!

Big Girls Home Movies
CODE: RM212

Description
Get your c**k out & prepare to enjoy stroking it. The big girls in this DVD have all done homemade 'tease porn' & want to make you cum. If you love really large ladies in hardcore sex scenes then this is the DVD for you. Treat yourself now!



Sophisticated Housewives 38 & Over
CODE: RM213

Description
If you like smouldering good looking, high maintenance, sophisticated ladies who dress to thrill in stockings, heels & expensive perfume but often no knickers then you will love the sexy blondes & brunettes in this hardcore porn DVD.

Perverted Group Sex
CODE: RM214

Description
Seriously strong group action in amazing close up detail. These girls get every hole penetrated deeply by guys with very large c**ks. The blow job/throat sex action is particularly hard & the models are absolutely sensational.

Super Boobs Hardcore
CODE: RM215

Description
This one is for all you guys into foxy chicks with incredibly large natural knockers. The gals in this DVD take in hard in the mouth, vagina & up the bum but it's the mega titties that this DVD is really all about. For all lovers of tit sex! Order now!

Top Heavy C**k Crazed Cougars
CODE: RM216

Description
Each MILF babe is this DVD is particularly hot & Mackenzee Peirce the cougar pictured is no exception. This is all about girls in their late 30s getting their middle aged rocks off with younger guys keen to learn how to please a real woman.

Middle Aged Tits & Vaginas
CODE: RM217

Description
These mature, experienced maidens live for sex & want it every minute of every day. If the thought of a 50 year old bird hell bent on multiple orgasms makes your penis twinge then don't miss out - make sure you order today.

Ultimate Dogging
CODE: RM218

Description
Dogging - where folk meet at night down country lanes or industrial estates to have sex with horny tarts or to watch & w**k. This shows real dogging in the UK where guys get to bater the daylights out of women in their 30s, 40s & early 50s.

Incredible Female Orgasms
CODE: RM220

Description
Fancy stroking your manhood whilst watching the most sensational, horny sex mad nymphomaniacs being fingered to climax by both men & women? If you want real horny women cumming especially for you then order now!

Elegant Sophisticated 20 Something Sluts
CODE: RM224

Description
You know how some good looking girls can be - they are elegant, sophisticated, educated & think they are a cut above. Now imagine watching them take it deep throat or being double penetrated up the vagina & a*** at the same time.

Nadine Jansens Amateur Giga Boobs
CODE: RM225

Description
Look at the tits in the picture, they belong to Nadine Jansen & boy is she hot. If you want to spend an evening pleasuring your erect penis whilst she does all she can to get you off then do yourself a huge favour & order her big tit porno now!

Petite German College Girls
CODE: RM226

Description
They don't speak a word of English but these good looking German girls know just how to please you. Whether you want them to give you a slow lingering blow job or let you take them in either hole they are happy to oblige.

Exotic Brazillian Shemales
CODE: RM227

Description
The hottie in the picture is Karolly Mel a Brazilians lady boy with a knock out body & a huge rock solid penis. If her photo gets your manhood twitching then just imagine what watching her performing hardcore porn will do.

Cream Pie Stunners Aged 21 - 23
CODE: RM228

Description
Imagine having Brandy Aniston suck your throbbing manhood before you slide it in & out of her tight 22 year old p***y & ass. When you shoot your man goo she'll spread her legs so we can all watch it ooze, seep & drip from her delicious vagina!

Filthy Girls Of The Czech Republic
CODE: RM229

Description
Anyone who's been on a stag night to Prague will know how tasty the Czech birds are. Watch these blonde bombshells take it deep & hard in every soft, wet love hole. These babes especially love double penetration & bareback A sex.

Black Babes A***
CODE: RM230

Description
The girl displaying her big black booty in the photo is Blu Diamond, an up & coming American porn actress who does the deepest, hardest a*** sex scenes you could possibly imagine. If you love beauties then order right now!

Sexy Sassy & Chubby
CODE: RM231

Description
Do you fancy the big girl in the picture? Would you like her to give you a soapy tit w**k before you gave her one vaginally & a***ly? Well her name is Hillary Hooterz & she's waiting for you. Unzip & give that chubby babe just what she craves.

Young Lesbians Amateur Footage
CODE: RM232

Description
This hot lesbian porno shows 4 young 18 & 19 year old real lesbian couples allowing us to film them having sex & licking one another out just to please you. If gorgeous lesbians kissing, fingering & licking does it for you then order now!

Pretty Lesbians Gangbanged
CODE: RM233

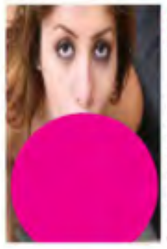
Description
One of the sultry blonde lesbians in this hardcore 'lesbian girls get off with each other & then get gang banged by rampant males' porn DVD is Alina Brooks the sexy piece of ass in the picture - she is to die for as are the others. Order Now!

Ample Bottomed MILFs Take It A***
CODE: RM234

Description
These babes are late 30s up to mid-40s. They are in good nick generally but have a few mild stretch marks & slightly heavy butt cheeks. All love it up the bum from younger guys & each one rewards you with a very enthusiastic orgasm.

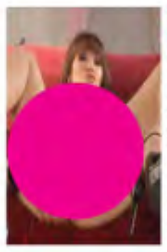
Cute Amateur Feet
CODE: RM235

Description
Very sexy amateur MILF babes aged 29 to 37 who like to tease guys like you with their sexy feet. Plenty of boot scenes & deliciously delightful bare female feet. If you enjoy masturbating to stunning ladies with sexy tootsies then order today.



Oral Sex With Eye Contact
CODE: RM236

Description
Imagine how turned on you are going to get when our hot, sexy ladies get down on their knees pull out your manhood & start to slowly lick & suck it whilst looking directly into your eyes. This is you getting great blowjobs by stunning babes.



T-Girl A*** Sex Specials
CODE: RM237

Description
Are you a tranny chaser? Have you had or would have liked to have had a blow job from a tranny? Now's the time to go a step further & start giving sexy trannies what they need up their bums - heavy duty a*** sex.

Slutty Teenagers Home Movies
CODE: RM238

Description
They are only 18 & 19 but boy are these girls sexually advanced for their years. If you want to see really cute teen girls who look sweet & innocent but have already slept with between 80 & 100 guys each then this is the teen sex DVD for you.

Perverted Granny Footage
CODE: RM239

Description
This DVD contains footage of a handful of perverse granny porn scenes featuring real old haggard boilers but perhaps the best of all is the 72 year old blonde slapper who sucks it like it's a lollipop whilst being drilled a****** by a young stud.

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QUEST

The Quest girls go all kinky on us this month, as they tell us all about the weirdest sex they've ever had...

HAZEL, LEEDS

I'm a petite, full figured black girl with 36D boobs, and a pretty large backside. I spent most of my teenage years dieting and loathing my looks. The funny thing is that nowadays the features I hated most about my body are the very things that get me the most attention from men.

In fact, my boyfriend, Bobby, thinks my plump bottom is the sexiest thing about me. Bobby just loves rubbing and squeezing my bum cheeks, and when we have sex he concentrates most of his attention on my rear end. Lucky for me, then, that my arse is also one of my main erogenous zones!

Lately Bobby has become even more obsessed with my big buttocks, and this has led to our experimenting with new forms of bum sex, or "botting", as Bobby likes to call it. When I say botting I don't mean anal. We tried anal once and decided that, while it was okay, it just wasn't really for us. No, Bobby is more imaginative than that, and one evening a while ago we got into the shower together and he realised what turned out to be his biggest fantasy.

We were standing below the hot spray, soaping one another's bodies, when Bobby turned me around and began to lather my arse crack. I wriggled my big bum as I felt the bar of soap slide back and forth inside my deep crevice.

Pressing his body hard against me Bobby nudged me forward, forcing me to brace my hands against the tiled

> "...I began to finger my soaped up twat..."

wall as he worked his soapy hands around me and began soaping my tits. As his busy fingers worked on my nips I began to feel ever so sexy. A deep throbbing ache made my pussy begin to contract rhythmically and I wondered just how much longer we could last like this, without him entering my pussy with his cock.

But Bobby had other ideas and, sliding his cock between my soaped up arse cheeks, he began rubbing his penis back and forth along the length of my crack. With both hands holding my bum mounds tightly around his rod, Bobby sawed it back and forth in much the same way as he did when he treats himself to a tit fuck.

Knowing that I was driving him wild, I wriggled and jiggled as his length slithered back and forth along my soapy crack. With an arse cheek in each hand, Bobby squeezed tightly and began to call me dirty names, like his 'beautiful fat-arsed babe', and his 'big-bottomed cutie'.

Balancing myself with just the one hand on the wall, I began to finger my soaped up twat. Rubbing my fingers faster and faster around my clit and then pushing them in and out of my pussy, I came within seconds, my moaning echoing around the bathroom.

It felt so good that, even when Bobby stopped wanking my crack, straightened up and gave me a sharpish spank across one cheek I was still coming. Then Bobby stood back from me and, with the warm water still spraying over our bodies, he splashed his wads of thick cream across my big, slippery arse.

CINDY, TOWN WITHHELD

Weird sex? I know all about that! My ex-boyfriend, Gary, was nuts about pubic hair. When we first met, he was so disappointed that I was a shaver that I grew it back just for him. It took a good few months, but in the end I was the proud owner of a thick, curly black bush. Gary couldn't get enough! He loved the smell and texture against his face when he went down on me, to the point where he'd sometimes just want to eat my pussy and not fuck at all.

The strangest thing he did became a bit of a regular for us, especially if I just wasn't in the mood. I've never been very good at oral sex, and Gary kind of got that, and if I didn't fancy fucking, I'd usually just give him a hand job. Then one night, he started rubbing his stiff cock against the crotch of my panties, leaking pre-come all over them. "Show me your pussy," he told me, and I reminded him that I just wasn't in the mood and that it was my time of the month. "That's not what I had in mind," he grinned, and helped me pull my panties down.

I opened my legs and propped myself up on some pillows. "What are you up to?" I asked, but Gary said nothing and moved between my legs, putting his stiffy on top of my pubic mound. He took my right hand and pressed it down on the shaft of his cock, and then started slowly sliding up and down the length of my pubic triangle. It was a really strange sensation, feeling his cock there in my hand and against my pussy hair. I asked him if it was nice, and he groaned out a yes as his rhythm increased to the point where he was sort of fucking my hand and pubes.

I was loving the way his heavy balls were banging into my clit, and came off a little myself as he pumped my pubes. It was weird watching his cockhead push its way through my thick triangle of hair, and I had a birds' eye view of his little slit opening up each time he reached the top of his thrust. If I'd had any sense at that point, I'd have turned my head to one side, because all of a sudden and without warning, I watched this huge glob of spunk shoot out right at me, in glorious 3D!

Gary's come went everywhere. I swear it was one of the biggest loads he'd ever shot. I kept my hand in place

as strings of sticky come pumped out of his prick, splattering on to my tummy, bra and puddling in my pubes.

As he calmed down a little, I pointed out that it was going to take me ages to wash it all out, and threatened to shave them off again, but he was so chuffed at finding a new kinky way of making love that I eventually forgave him and, on the provision that I could have a shower afterwards, we made it a regular part of our winter nights in.

I fluttered my eye-lids, slipped my dress off and, sliding to my knees, began licking his balls and fondling his proffered appendage. He reached down and squeezed a boob as I sucked his cock. Then – and this took me well by surprise! – the cheeky fucker brought out his pager and paged Tom, his assistant! When Tom arrived he was not too drunk to be taken aback by the situation, but Dave explained that they were clearly not using me to my full potential. Indicating my rump,

Dave told Tom to "check out" my pussy and see if I lived up to my reputation. Being fucked from both ends is one of my favourite things and, as Tom thrust his dick inside my slippery slit, Dave pummelled my mouth with his delicious gobstopper. I came at least three times before they fired their loads simultaneously into my eager mouth and cunt.

SHANI, MACCLESFIELD

My husband and I have an open marriage and are regular swingers. We both enjoy watching each other fucking someone else and look forward to the Christmas festivities, as the other members of our swinging club host parties and things get a little wild.

James is tall and attractive; he is

> "I pushed my tongue between fur-framed lips..."

10 years my senior and, although not of athletic build exactly, he is still in pretty good shape. I am a voluptuous redhead with good-sized boobs.

One of the best Christmas Parties I have ever been to was at Phil and Margaret's house. Phil and Margaret have been into swinging for years and James had serviced Margaret regularly before I met and married him.

Margaret and Phil's parties are legendary for their hopeless lack of organisation and the debauchery that takes place at them. In fact, despite Phil's almost anally-meticulous planning, it always degenerates into one big free-for-all... and this time was no exception. By 10 o'clock everyone was buck-naked and, as Margaret had taken the precaution of covering all her carpets and furnishings with industrial strength plastic sheeting, everyone was relaxed. The wine and the lubricants flowed. I became separated from James early on in the evening, but I knew that he was at home in these surroundings, so I went in search of some action. I opened the door of Margaret's bedroom to be confronted with a mass of writhing bodies. There were legs, arms, fannies, cocks and bouncing arses everywhere, and I slithered into the heaving mound... just as some bloke beside me shot his load on my elbow! It was lovely being hit with spunk and not even being sure whose it was.

There was a very hairy but neatly trimmed pussy in front my face and I could see that it was already oozing juices. Not being one to waste an opportunity, I pushed my tongue between the fur-framed lips and was lapping contentedly when I felt some guy fingering my bumhole.

From my position in the pile I couldn't see who it was and, besides, I was busy, so I relaxed and spread my legs wider to allow whoever it was easier access... and felt a long cock enter my butt. By now my tits and pussy were also being groped, and my nose was pressed hard against the curly mound that I was eating with increasing ferocity as I was arse-fucked. Every so often the mass of bodies heaved as someone shifted position, and as the bodies writhed and undulated, I suddenly felt a cock pushing into my pussy! At that point I was positively tripping! Every nerve ending in my pussy ignited with pleasure as I came, spitting my love-juice out as my cunt spasmed continuously.

STACY, HARROW

I am very proud of my feet and regard them as one of my best features. I have always loved using them to excite my man and, because my toes are long and dexterous, I have the perfect means to give the ultimate foot job.

The best foot job that I ever gave anyone was in a restaurant, and the lucky bloke was none other than my boss! Trevor is terrific to work for as well as being a very nice guy outside of work, and I have always fancied him. Back when this happened, his personal life was a bit of a pig's breakfast because his wife had just fucked off with some big hairy baboon.

Trevor had asked me out that night because it was his wedding anniversary, and he told me that he didn't much fancy being alone. During the meal he seemed seriously down in the dumps, so I decided to liven things up.

Slipping my feet out of my spike heeled shoes, I began to rub my stocking clad feet up the insides of his legs. Caught unawares, he almost spilled his wine, spluttering half a mouthful back into the glass, before raising his eyebrows and looking enquiringly at me. With great effort I met his gaze and looked back at him impassively.

As the waiter delivered our desserts I moved my feet further up his leg until they were both resting against

his crotch. Scooping up a spoonful of strawberry mousse, I sucked it into my mouth, rolling my eyes as I salaciously licked the sticky residue from the spoon.

I had his full attention now and I leaned across the table and whispered to him to unzip his flies and take out his cock. He looked a bit startled at this suggestion, but the raging hard-on I could feel through his trouser front with my toes won the day and he fumbled under the tablecloth and released his rigid dick.

Although I could not see his penis, it felt fairly thick and of average length. I wrapped my long toes around it, shifting my buttocks back slightly in my chair so that I could get a proper grip. Rubbing my stockinged feet up and down his engorged member made me feel extremely horny, and I dropped one hand to my lap and pressed it against my aching pussy.

Trevor's turned redder and redder as I wanked him expertly with my feet, and he almost choked on his dessert when the waiter came over to top up his glass. He was now gripping the edge of the table with one hand and closed his eyes to shut out the rest of the room. He was close to coming, so I squeezed with my feet and stroked his length with ever increasing vigour and speed.

My fingers pushed the thin silky fabric of my dress right inside my pussy lips as I frigged my cunt. Just a few seconds later and Trevor came hard, groaning heavily as hot, thick jets of sticky spunk sprayed out onto my feet. I increased the speed of my hand, thrusting my fingers in and out of my soaking pussy until, with my hand over my mouth to cover my moans, my pussy throbbed and contracted as I came all over my hand.

GINA, NEWCASTLE

My husband, Stan, is a real hair freak. He loves women with long hair and, since we got married last year, he has insisted that I allow mine to grow long. It's not much of a price to pay for a loving relationship, a nice home and, oh yeah, a husband who is hung like a horse.

He is very good to me and always spends time making sure I come, so I like to surprise him sometimes by dreaming up new ways to excite him. For instance, this year for his birthday I came up with the idea of having my hair dyed.

I'm a brunette, which he likes, but for his birthday I wanted to do something really special. I know Stan has always had a bit of a thing for blondes, so I paid a visit to my hairdresser and, as well as having my usually curly hair completely straightened, I had it died a stunning blonde. The effect was quite stunning and, as well as making me feel like a million dollars, I knew it would really get Stan going.

All evening Stan could hardly keep his hands off me. He was continuously stroking my hair as we ate our dinner and, when we had finished eating, he almost pounced on me. It felt really good to be able to turn my man on so much, and as he carried me through to the bedroom and dropped me on top of the bed, I had a great idea which I knew he would absolutely love.

As he settled his body on top of mine, and pushed my legs apart to enter me, I rolled from under him and insisted that, as it was his birthday, he should allow me to pleasure him. With a big smirk on his face, Stan agreed and lay back on the bed.

I began to trail my long, straight blonde hair down his chest, kissing and licking his nipples and brushing the ends of my hair against them. Stan's cock was standing swollen and fully erect, the darkening helmet dribbling and shiny with his pre-come. I swept my tresses around his belly

> "I began to stroke his shaft, dipping my head to flick my tongue across the top of his helmet."

before moving it down to his genitals and trailing it across the top of his engorged knob-end.

Twining my glossy locks around his tool, I pulled it tight until he began to moan with arousal. With his cock enmeshed in my hair I began to stroke his shaft, dipping my head to flick my tongue across the top of his helmet. Then, cupping his throbbing balls in my hand, I continued to wank him through my hair.

His back stiffened and I felt his ball sac tighten as he got ready to unleash his spunk. Tightening my grip on his shaft I tugged harder until I felt his cock pulsing in my hand and I watched in pleasure as he pumped out jet after jet of thick, white spunk that splattered on my face and matted in my hair.

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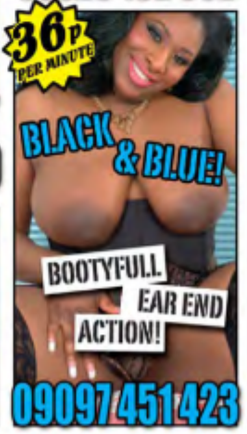

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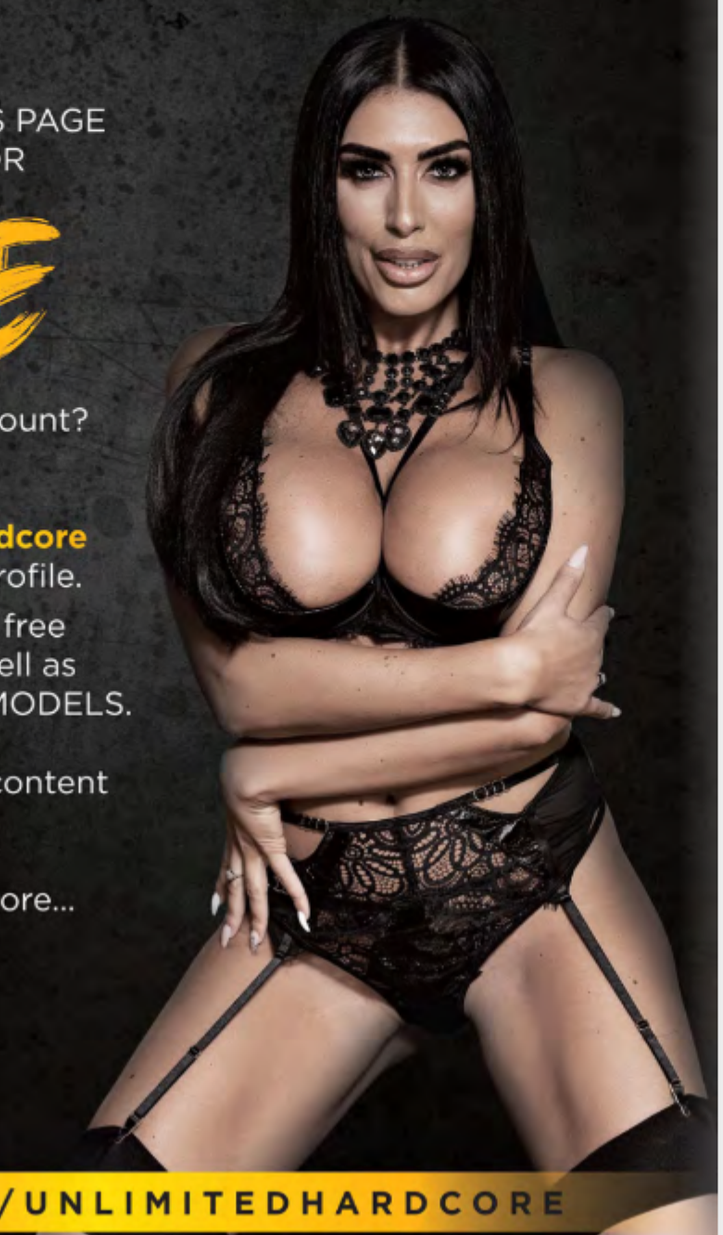

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BACKSEAT BUNK-UP

My wife's constantly having a moan that we don't go out much, so for our recent anniversary I decided to surprise her by getting tickets for a West End show in London. I kept it quiet and, in fact, for the week leading up to the day of our anniversary I made out that I'd forgotten all about it. So, Amanda was totally shocked when I casually brought her breakfast in bed that morning and handed her the envelope containing the tickets. "Les Miserables? Oh, wonderful, I thought you'd forgotten all about it!" she shrieked.

> "...she looked up at me before taking my length in her mouth..."

"Come here and let me say thank you," she said as she pulled me towards her and took my semi-hard cock out of my boxer shorts. Kissing all the way up my stiffening shaft, she looked up at me before taking my length in her mouth. I shut my eyes to savour the moment only to hear Amanda's mobile phone ringing. She's not one who can ignore a ringing phone and, as it was her mother ringing to wish us a happy anniversary, I knew the moment had well and truly gone. I put my cock back in my pants and left Amanda to chat with her mum.

About three hours later she had finally finished nattering and began to get ready. Another two hours passed and she was at last ready to go. To be fair, she looked totally stunning. Her short black skirt showed off her great legs and on top she was wearing a slinky red top. "What do you think?" she asked as she wiggled her bum at me.

"Bloody gorgeous," I replied. "Now come on, let's get out of here or we'll be late." I'd booked us a table at an Italian restaurant and, as I watched the slippery waiter drooling over Amanda as he took her order, my cock stirred to life once more. It turns me on to see other men admiring Amanda, and she has admitted to me more than once that she loves the attention and seeing how I react.

Some meatballs, pasta and two bottles of wine later we headed for the theatre. The place was packed and, as we clambered into our rather cramped seats, I suddenly realised I had three full hours of musical to sit through. I'd much rather have been down the pub, but Amanda loved the songs, the atmosphere of a live show and the general buzz of the crowded theatre. I tried to relieve the boredom by running my hand up Amanda's skirt but she quickly shooed me away and told me to behave. A couple of gin and tonics in the interval helped to ease the boredom.

Finally the show was over and it was time to leave. I dragged my numb arse out of the seat and watched as some

fat, bearded bloke sitting in the row behind us leered at Amanda's shapely arse. My head said 'chin the fat fucker' but my heart – and my cock – loved the fact that Amanda was getting attention from other men.

Outside we jumped into a cab and headed for home. The wine from earlier, together with the gin, had given me the right horn and Amanda was clearly having similar thoughts to me.

As soon as we were in the cab she started rubbing my thigh and made a grab for my crotch. I parted my legs so she could grab a handful of my hardening length. My cock throbbed and pulsed as she rubbed me through the thin material of my suit trousers. I looked up and saw the cabbie grinning as he watched us in the rear view mirror. I gave Amanda a nudge and then said, "I think we've got an audience, dear, how does that make you feel?" I said it loud enough for the cabbie to hear and he carried on grinning and then gave a cheeky thumbs-up sign.

"Well if we're being watched we'd better put on a show, hadn't we?" purred Amanda as she hitched her skirt up over her waist so the cabbie had a perfect view of her tiny black thong. "I bet you'd like if I took my knickers off, wouldn't you?" she said as she wriggled out of her panties and opened her legs as wide as possible.

By now I had unzipped my trousers and was stroking my cock, getting more and more turned on by Amanda's brazenness.

"Look, driver, see where my fingers are going. That's right, deep inside my wet pussy. Can you see that?"

We were nearly home by now and the driver wisely opted to pull over in a quiet side street. Amanda slunk back and slid her bum to the edge of the seat so the driver could see her exposed pussy and arse. The way his arm was jerking up and down it was obvious what he was doing; the same as me – wanking over Amanda's wild display. "Would you like to taste me?" asked Amanda as she slowly pulled her two sticky fingers out of her pussy and offered them to the driver. He eagerly licked up Amanda's creamy juices. Feeling left out, I ushered Amanda's head to my lap and she quickly took the hint. She slurped and sucked on my solid shaft. As she sucked me off I slipped my middle finger inside her wet hole and felt how hot this exhibition had made her.

"She slowly pulled her two sticky fingers out of her pussy and offered them to the driver..."

"I need to be fucked," moaned Amanda, as she somehow manoeuvred herself on to my waiting cock. I banged into her as fast as the awkward position would allow. The driver had a great view of my

six inches pounding in and out of Amanda's wet pussy. He was wanking almost as fast as I was fucking. Suddenly Amanda's body jerked and twisted as she came violently. I wasn't far behind and shot an almighty load inside her. The cabbie then spunked all over his trousers. There was an awkward silence as we all rearranged our clothes. I then quickly paid the fare without saying a word before chasing Amanda upstairs to continue our anniversary celebrations.

Danny, Barnet.

FUCKING ON THE FIRST DATE

I met my boyfriend in an Internet chatroom. We hit it off straight away and, although we are from the same city, we agreed to conduct the first stage of our romance via email. It was fun and much easier to get over the usual getting-to know you stuff.

As we were not together in real time I found it easy to be brazen about the things I wrote and the questions I asked. Sex was always one of the hottest topics, especially after Brian sent me a full frontal photo and I could see how well endowed he was.

We talked on the phone a couple of times before I felt comfortable enough to meet him. I knew what he looked like and I liked what he wrote, but hearing his sexy voice made me want to try out some of the naughty things he had suggested. We arranged to meet at a pub down town and when I saw Brian in the flesh he looked even better than his photo. I had dressed up for our first meeting in a short pleated skirt, no bra, and a skin-tight top

Wanting to impress on our first proper date I wore my prettiest satin panties under my skirt, and my highest heels.

We had a couple of drinks and I was relieved that he was as witty in person as he was online or on the phone. I was a little anxious at first because I had told this man intimate details about my sexual preferences that I had never revealed to another person.

As the night wore on, my eyes kept being drawn to the large bulge in the front of his jeans, and I couldn't help remembering the nude picture he had sent me. Brian was definitely up for it, too, and kept fondling my thigh under the table.

I suggested that we leave and he asked if I'd like to go back to his flat. I agreed and, as I had arrived by taxi, we walked holding hands to the car park where he had left his car. As we walked between the rows of cars he suddenly grabbed me and pulled me into his arms.

"Did you mean what you said about wanting to make love outdoors?" he whispered in my ear. I nodded my head and he looked around, satisfied that we were alone, and marched me further into the car park.

He looked me over approvingly in the dim light, running his hands around my tits, over my hips and down my

thighs through my clothing before unfastening my top and bra and caressing my panties.

Cupping my now almost naked bum cheeks, he kissed me hard, his tongue tasting of tobacco. Electric sensations shot through me, amplified by the feel of his hands on my buttocks and his hard chest pressed against my naked breasts and erect nipples. He stopped and looked at me, searching my eyes for permission to continue.

I unzipped him and withdrew his hot organ, already hard and throbbing. "Balls, too," he said, and I gingerly eased his ballbag outside his pants. His equipment was every bit as impressive as in the picture. Immediately I felt my pussy tingle, and became quickly aware of how wet I had become. "Yes, I want you," I admitted confidently. His eyes sparkled in response.

I opened a condom and rolled it down over his cock. I raised my short pleated skirt and he pressed his cock snug against my panties. I moaned and leaned into him, reaching down to caress his shaft with my long nails.

He shoved his cock stiffly between my thighs and rubbed it against my pussy through the gusset of my panties, his pelvis thrusting back and forth as he pleasured himself against my warm flesh and lingerie. I hung onto his neck with one hand, dropping my other to grab his hard muscular bum cheeks.

My nipples tingled eagerly as I pushed against him to increase our excitement. Then he suddenly picked me up and set me down on the bonnet.

MAYFAIR LETTERS

Holding my ankles, he pulled me towards him and I raised my legs, tilting my hips upward so that he could penetrate me more deeply. I reached down and pulled the gusset of my panties to one side to allow him easy access as he held his cock against my wet, naked pussy lips. We looked at each other for a moment, and then he smiled and pressed forward until just the head of his cock penetrated my hot, wet hole.

My pussy tightened and relaxed as my clitoris pulsated. Then he thrust into me and I pushed myself forward onto his big, hard cock. As he see-sawed back and forth, creating a gentle friction inside my cunt, the spasms of pleasure increased with the tempo of his fucking.

He pulled my legs wider apart so that he could thrust deeper into me, making me moan as he pushed me over the edge and toward my first orgasm. I held on to Brian with one hand, desperately trying to keep my balance while the other held my gusset out of the way.

My pussy was so wet, and it made it easier for his cock to glide in and out. I had to bite my lip in a desperate effort not to scream out as I climaxed, my pussy quivering and contracting as I came, the muscles gripping tightly round his throbbing member.

Brian moaned and sank his shaft into my pussy one last time, his buttocks clenching as he reached his climax and I felt him shoot streams of hot sticky come. I cried out loudly at the sensation of his huge cock spasming inside me, and I wrapped my legs tightly around him as I felt the unmistakable electricity of my own orgasm exploding in my crotch.

Needless to say, that wasn't exactly how I had imagined our first time to be, but it was an incredible experience. We quickly climbed down off the car, dressed ourselves and then drove back to his place, where we spent the rest of the night getting to know each other a little better.

Kathy, Essex.

QUEST

It's time for another slew of slappers to tell us about their filthy sexploits...

KEELEY, CREWE

I have been working as a hotel receptionist for the past year. I am a good looking girl and working at the front desk at a posh establishment means that I have the opportunity to meet some very handsome guys. It has always been my dream to one day marry a rich man and live in luxury for the rest of my life.

I don't really buy into this work ethic lark, especially when I know that my looks can take me further than any amount of hard slog. Besides, sitting behind the reception desk means that I get noticed as I can maximise my assets by flashing a little cleavage.

Only last weekend I met the most astonishingly sexy man. He was a big well-built black guy, and so handsome that I found myself dampening as he chatted me up. Picking up his key, he quizzed me about what time I finished work and arranged for us to meet up later.

His name was Rob and he appeared down at reception to meet me just as I was going off duty. Putting his arm around me he suggested that we go up to his room for a drink. It was just after five in the afternoon, and a little early for alcohol, but I wasn't going up to his room for a drink, and we both knew it.

We got into the lift and as soon as the doors closed, Rob moved behind me and began to grope my tits with his huge hands. I became instantly wet and pushed back against him, rubbing my buttocks against his bulging erection. It felt too good to be true and I sighed with pleasure as the lift doors opened at his floor.

I could hardly wait to rip my clothes off as he swiped his keycard in the lock and nudged the door open. With an easy movement he picked me up and carried me towards the bed. My body tingled as he laid me gently on the bed and began pulling his clothes off. My eyes were glued to his large cock as I quickly started to undress, eager to get at his beautiful naked body.

> "...a tingling feeling began to grow in my groin..."

"Fuck me," I begged him, as he tore open a condom wrapper and rolled the rubber neatly over his lovely big hard-on. My whimpers of delight filled the room as gently, yet forcefully, he slid his fat cock-head inside me. With one effortless motion, Rob pushed his thick shaft further inside, stretching my pussy wide as he sank the full length of his condom-covered penis into my pulsating pussy.

Muttering endearments he began to pump me, slowly at first, but more insistently as I began to babble incoherently, urging him on. Each thrust of his large steel-hard penis sent twinges of pleasure ripping through my pussy as he stretched and pleasured my cunt like never before. In a state of sublime ecstasy, I realised that any man who fucked me after this would have to be pretty damned special to beat this.

As Rob ploughed on, thrusting deep and hard, a tingling feeling began to grow in my groin. Gripping his prick tightly with the walls of my pussy, I heard his breathing grow heavier and shorter, and I waited for him to climax. We were on the same wavelength and he bellowed out loud as he came. The room seemed to spin as waves of incredible pleasure engulfed me and I milked every drop of his spunk with my contracting pussy muscles.

Fucked senseless and totally satisfied, we rolled apart, gasping for breath, exhausted and spent.

JOSIE, KINGSTON

My name is Josie and I am a busty blonde. I don't care that I'm always getting teased with dumb blonde jokes. The fact is I get to have more fun than any of my friends. I used to work in a pharmacy but the boss's wife kept picking on me because she thought her old man had a crush on me. She was right, of course, and I enjoyed his attentions, but things eventually got a little too hot for me and I left.

I now work as a receptionist for a really fit dentist. Dennis has a great personality, and wow is he well endowed! It was one of the factors that helped me to make up my mind about changing jobs. I went for an interview and when I met Dennis we got on really well. It helped that he was young, successful and fairly good looking, but the thing that made me take the job was the bulging hard-on that stood out so blatantly in the front of his trousers when he glimpsed the tops of my twin peaks in the low-cut dress I was wearing.

I had been working for him for about a week when one of the patients cancelled at the last moment. Dennis asked me if I would like a free check-up before the next patient arrived. With a smug grin I opened two more buttons on my blouse and went into the surgery. Lying back in his chair, I opened the rest of the buttons and Dennis's eyes nearly popped right out of his head.

He pulled my bra cups down and my large, plump breasts came tumbling out. Ever so gently and tenderly, he began twirling his tongue around in circles on my left nipple, and my clit began tingling. My cunt ached to be touched and I moaned with pleasure when Dennis slid his right hand up my skirt and under the edge of my lace panties.

Plunging two of his fingers deep inside my inner pussy lips, he finger-fucked me until my contracting vagina was near to bursting with my

first orgasm. As I was coming again, Dennis leaned back enough to unzip his flies, and out popped the most impressive piece of wood I'd seen in a long time. His penis stood up proud and tall, topped off with a dark purple helmet, beaded with droplets of his pre-come.

"He's keen," I thought, and my mouth watered at the sight of that big boner. Eagerly I sat upright in the dental chair and, moving my lips towards his groin, I plunged my mouth right onto his hardness. Lapping and licking hungrily around the head, I teased a few warm drops of his pre-come into my mouth before sucking the helmet as far inside as possible.

Back and forth, up and down I worked his rigid cock, loving the taste and feel of his impressive weapon. His breath came in sharp gasps as I worked him closer to the edge. As his fingers pinched my clitoris, causing my pussy to spasm uncontrollably, I climaxed while Dennis held onto my blonde locks and jerked his spunk into my mouth, spattering my lips and chin.

SOPHIA, MANCHESTER

I love all the arts and when I received the opportunity to work as a receptionist for a well-known gallery I jumped at the offer. I have no real academic qualifications as such, but Daddy has a valuable collection of paintings and sculpture. Growing up surrounded by Art must have rubbed off because I'm told that I have a good eye for quality.

Besides being the "pretty face" that meets and greets our patrons, I also answer the phone and hand out refreshments. The gallery is a family run concern, and needless to say, they represent several of the most

> "He took my hand and pressed it against his genitals."

prestigious artists in the country.

My boss also has a number of young up and coming artists whose paintings he displays and sells in the gallery. If their work becomes popular he arranges an exhibition for them at the gallery, and we invite selected guests to a first viewing. It is a very exciting time altogether, and the artists themselves come in and help to hang their work in the week leading up to the main event.

Having no other income, these young artists are generally poor, and some even come from socially deprived backgrounds. Their talent can change their lives dramatically, and they are usually glad of the support and guidance that I give them to help make them more presentable to their new patrons.

Derek was the exception. He didn't seem to care about anything except his work and, strangely, I found myself being attracted to his rough ways and crude manners. One day when we were together in the gallery hanging one of his larger canvasses, he stripped to the waist, exposing his muscular chest.

Without thinking, I ran my fingers along his arm, feeling the strength of his taut muscles. He finished the job and, winking at me, pointed to the swelling in the front of his jeans and told me I was responsible for his uncomfortable state. Very startled and not a little embarrassed, I looked away and tried to force myself to say something dismissive and snide, but no words came out as he took my hand and pressed it against his genitals.

I was overcome with lust, and, losing all sense of propriety, I began to pull down his zip. With a quick glance through the plate glass window in the front of the gallery, he suggested that we move into the storeroom where he could give me "a proper seeing to". I blushed at this crudity but I was just too aroused to reprimand him.

I was shaking like a leaf as he stripped me naked, running his paint-streaked hands over my body with a passion that sent quivers directly to my mound. His touch made my pussy tingle and I heard myself begging him to take me there and then.

Cockily, he unbuckled his belt and removed his jeans. He wasn't wearing any underpants and his magnificent pole stood out thick and rigid. Lifting me on top of a wooden packing case, he parted my thighs and viewed my swollen pink pudenda. He tongued my labia until I was absolutely frantic for his cock.

Holding my pussy lips apart, he slowly entered me, his large appendage stretching my vaginal muscles as he filled me with his magnificent manhood. I cried out with joy as he gave me the shafting of a lifetime, his muscular body powering his engorged member as he thrust it back and forth into my pussy.

My vagina quivered and gripped at the vigour of this glorious assault and when he reached forward and pulled on my nipples I climaxed. My hips ground against him as his body stiffened and we came as one, his semen filling me as my vaginal muscles clamped around his penis and milked him of his seed.

NAOMI, BURY

I have been engaged to one of the partners at the company where I work as a receptionist for a few months now. I like my job and enjoy being on the front desk. Because I am the first person who the public sees when they walk into the offices I have to look my best.

With my salary I can afford to have my hair done regularly, and I go to a beauty salon at least once a week to keep my skin and nails in peak condition. My fiancé Mike is very attentive to my needs, and likes to have me around so we can spend some time together during our working

day.

The one thing that Mike never sussed, however, is my bisexuality. I never tried to keep it a secret from him, and although I love him, I often despaired about his lack of

> "I began to stimulate Claire's beautiful pussy toward orgasm..."

imagination. Even when I looked at the girls in his adult magazines and remarked how hot the models were, he thought I was just trying to excite him.

He never even suspected there was something odd about the amount of time I spent at the beauty salon. I had given him so many hints about my female lover Claire, but he just assumed we were friends. Claire is a masseuse and we've been sleeping with each other for the past 18 months now.

Finally I talked to Claire about it and we both agreed that I needed to tell Mike about my sexuality. I had broached the subject of female bisexuality with Mike before and he had responded favourably to it. When I asked him what he would think if I told him that I swung both ways, however, he just laughed it off and told me to stop kidding around.

So Claire and I came up with a plan. On Friday evening I invited Mike around for a surprise. I told him to come at eight and to use his key and join me in the bedroom. Claire and I set the scene with scented candles and

ambient music. By the time Mike had arrived we were lying together on the bed, French-kissing.

I looked up at Mike. His face was a bit white but there was a look of intense desire in his eyes. He smiled down at us, and as if what we were doing to one another was a special gift just for him he thanked us and sat quietly on the edge of the bed watching. I knelt between Claire's beautiful legs, running my hand up her inner thigh and working my fingers into her moist satin slit. Her breath hissed between her teeth as I pushed my fingers deeper, aided by her fragrant secretions.

Sliding another finger inside while caressing her clitoris, I began to stimulate Claire's beautiful pussy toward orgasm.

Her hips jerked and bucked as I slid my digits back and forth, sawing them between her shimmering pink labia. With a feeling of immense pleasure and power, I felt her pussy tighten as her back arched and she closed her eyes, absorbing the pleasure of my manually induced orgasm.

Mike's hands gently stroked my bottom cheeks and I dipped my back and widened my legs so that he would realise that I welcomed his advances. As I lowered my tongue towards Claire's beautiful slot, Mike's tongue sought out my clitoris. I licked up the precious pearls of love moisture that coated Claire's deep pink labia, flicking my tongue against her clitoris as Mike's tongue sucked on mine.

Determined to make Claire come again, I pushed my tongue deep inside her and was gratified to feel her internal muscles attempt to grip its slippery surface. She was ready to come again, and as I prodded her inner pinkness and began to massage her sensitive little love nub I was momentarily distracted as I felt the engorged head of Mike's penis prodding against my pussy lips.

With my tongue lashing against Claire's pussy, Mike fucked me from behind. Soon I was moaning into her fleshy folds as I pulled and twisted her clitoris with my fingers. Mike rode me with consideration, taking great care not to push me away from Claire's slot, and before long the room echoed to our lusty moans as we all came together.

SOPHIA, WATFORD

I take my job as a doctor's receptionist seriously. Like most young women I have a healthy sex drive, and I know it's completely wrong, but for the past few weeks I've been sleeping with Martin, one of the doctors I work for. He is the best lover I have ever had, and although I know it can go nowhere because he's married, I just can't help myself. Because of his wife, we always have to grab a few moments together here and there, and often end up working late, so we can

have some time together.

Last night, I had barely finished logging off all the computers, and getting things set for the morning, when he called me into his surgery. As soon as I walked through the door, he grabbed me and kissed me.

Not wasting a moment, he tore my panties off and sank his head between my thighs. I had expected such harsh, quick passion from him, but for once he wasn't in too much of a hurry. My hips bucked and I grabbed fistfuls of the bedspread as Martin lazily licked my inner thighs and flicked the tip of his tongue against my clit.

I love receiving oral and small moans and squeals escaped me as he teased me until I thought I would explode from the intensity of the pleasuring he was giving me. He pressed his tongue against me hard, and at the same time he slipped a finger inside me. I came almost instantly, crying out and shuddering violently as my pussy spasmed in a mind-blasting orgasm so overwhelming that my thighs trembled and even my feet shook.

Martin stood and unfastened his belt and trousers and let them drop to the floor. He was fully erect and ready for action as I spread my legs to accommodate him. Placing his engorged knob against my vulva, he rocked his hips back and forth, each time pressing his dick into me a little harder. His cock was slick with my juices as it slid into my pussy and he rested his weight on one arm while using the free hand to rub tiny circles on my clit.

It pushed me over the edge and my body stiffened, shaking violently as I came again. He supported his weight on both arms now, as he steadily rocked his hips back and forth, coating himself with my fluids and pushing further inside.

He kept up the long, teasingly slow strokes, drawing soft, low moans from my throat as his thick cock created a delicious friction inside me. After what seemed like hours, I gasped and my hips bucked. Martin pulled out of me suddenly and moved his mouth to my pussy, engulfing me with another all-enveloping orgasm as his burning tongue made quick flicking motions across my clit.

I was still recovering when Martin moved up again and drove into me fiercely. In a few quick, short thrusts, he shuddered and collapsed over me, gasping and moving more slowly in and out of me as his orgasm shook his whole body and his warm come began to fill my cunt.

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LIVE GIRLS LIVE GIRLS LIVE GIRLS

QUEST

As this month's Quest girls were more than happy to tell us, when it comes to sex, the outdoors really is great...

AMY, HUDDERSFIELD

My boyfriend Cliff and I have a great sex life. Both of us are in agreement that we need regular sexual intercourse for our well-being and health. So, last winter when his firm sent him for a week to Leeds on a training course, we were both needy and desperate by the time he got back.

I picked Cliff up from the train station late that Friday night, and as he stepped onto the platform I couldn't help reaching between his legs and feeling him up.

Touching the huge bulge in his trousers made my pussy ache for relief and I led him in a hurry down the concrete steps to the car park.

The car was parked at the very furthest end, since when I'd arrived there early, eager, and excited, there were so few spaces near the entrance free. But as Cliff's was the last train of the evening there were now hardly any cars left and as we walked the length of the car park Cliff began to squeeze and fondle my arse.

We stashed his luggage in the boot. But as I began to move back round the side of the car, Cliff caught me, pulled me back, and bending me over the boot lid, pressed his package against my arse.

I was so horny that I couldn't wait much longer to feel his prick inside me, and, glancing around, I realised that ours was the only car parked in that whole area of the car park. The high wall behind the vehicle cast a shadow and I began to calculate the risk of our being seen. As if reading my mind and deciding the matter for me, Cliff spun me around, and, lifting me bodily, pressed me down heavily against the lid.

He began to paw at my tits through my clothing, making my pussy positively drip with excitement, and I instantly spread my legs in encouragement. Any stragglers still leaving the station could have looked in our direction and seen me being ravished by my amorous lover but, strangely, the idea of being seen only served to increase my ardour. Truth be told, I wanted them to see me, to see a slut so out of control and needy that she was willing to be shagged in a public car park.

Cliff hiked my skirt up and ran his fingers along the straps of my suspender belt, tracing around my stocking tops and snapping the elastic straps against my hot thighs. Unfastening my bra with an ease born of plenty of practice, he exposed my nips to the chilly night air, before pinching, licking, and twisting them until my breathing became laboured and short.

I moved my fingers to his crotch and deftly released his straining pole, guiding it urgently towards my streaming pussy. Pulling my damp gusset aside he slipped his cock inside my oozing fanny.

Penetrating me with little or no effort, his length throbbed inside me, making my pussy contract around its bulk. He humped me fast and furiously, really slamming his penis inside my aching slot and giving me some very much-needed relief. I closed my eyes, exulting in the exquisite intimacy as flesh pounded into flesh.

I needed to come so bad my cunt hurt, and I began to hump back at his thrusts. Then I felt the warm wetness of his sperm shooting inside me, just as – thank fuck! – my excitation peaked. I couldn't have suffered it if I had been left still needing to come. I panted, whimpering as I bit into his leather jacket to avoid screaming, and my pussy constricted around his shaft, carefully and very deliberately milking it completely dry.

RHONDA, FIFE

I enjoy living and working in a seaside town, especially when the visitors start to arrive for their summer holidays. It's all right living here in the winter months but the pickings are always slim for a girl of my randy disposition. I like to keep my pussy well catered to in the man-meat department and like a bit of a change from the usual dish of local pork... of which I have generally had more than my fair share by the time the summer season is over, by the way.

I'm a shop assistant in a town where there aren't too many general shops, so you get to meet quite a lot of people. When the weather gets warmer there's always fresh talent on holiday coming in and out for their snacks, cones and fags.

Last summer I got chatting over the counter to a really hot American who was packing some serious knob in his "pants" as he insisted on calling them all the time we were subsequently together. My eyes just about came out on stalks when I saw the bulge in the crotch of his jeans, and as soon as I noticed it I knew I just had to ride him. I flirted like fuck and he'd have had to be thick as mince not to know I was gagging to jump him.

In the finish we went to a pub. When it closed I suggested we go for a walk on the beach, telling him you could see all the way up along the coast to St Andrews. I was becoming desperate for a ride, so even though I knew fine I was risking blowing it, I began to slowly strip as we walked along.

It was late and we had strayed far from the street lighting, and as I opened my blouse I stroked my tits enticingly and licked my lips. It had the desired effect: I saw his cock rearing up inside his jeans. I let my jacket fall to the sand and kicked off my sandals. It seemed like the more clothing I discarded the more aroused

he became, because by the time I was naked he had also removed everything but his boxers. Wait till I tell you: they had "I love NY" on them! But me, I didn't give a shite. He may have been a wally but that was some cock!

At this point we got well and truly stuck into one another. Bugger-all foreplay and my snatch got the extreme pounding it longed for. My Yank kept driving his thick meat deep inside me until my slot was gooey from my fanny batter.

I came off almost snarling, my hips bouncing on our heaped clothing as his big stoner ploughed deep inside me. Then, arching his back, he slammed inside me for the final whang, releasing his hot spunk.

TESSA, LEEDS

When I take a foreign holiday I always go somewhere hot with a lot of sunshine and a good nightlife. The sun seems to bring out the best in me and, in fact, the good weather always makes me go like a bunny.

I make no apology for screwing around with different blokes. That's why I always head off with my girlfriends, leaving Bill at home to mind the kiddie.

Last year my best friend Sandy and myself went to Spain, and were hardly out of the airport when we set to checking out the talent. There was a cute little waiter, who, although not big in stature, I found to be unnaturally well-endowed in the trouser snake department. So while Sandy was being chatted up by a German at the bar, I chanced my arm with Fernando.

Yep: Fernando. I'd had a good laugh with Sandy about the name, but since one of the best shags I ever had was with a bloke called – of all things – Alf(!) – I don't pay much attention to such trivialities. He could have been called Manuel and I'd still have done him.

Fernando was plainly a bit of a tit man and, as I have a fairly substantial pair of knockers on me, we hit it off straight away. That evening, when he came off dinners, we took a stroll around the older streets of the resort. Walking up a cobbled lane we turned off into a small alley way, and Fernando finally made his move, opening the front of my blouse and releasing my wobbling great jugs.

Without a word – he didn't have much English anyway, but I wasn't there with him for the conversation – he sucked a nipple between his lips and began to suckle on my tit while tweaking the other nip with his fingers. Sensations of lust raged inside my dripping slot and I ground my mound against his crotch, dry-humping him.

His hands fumbled in under my skirt and he lowered my panties to my ankles. I stepped out of them, kicking my high heels aside, and leaned against the wall with my legs spread wide. "Lick my pussy," I ordered. "Make me come in your mouth."

He smiled widely and nodded, then, squatting in front of me he pressed his head into my bush. His tongue brushed against my thighs before he pushed it between the fine pubic hairs on my twat. I was hot and wet as he lapped at my pussy flaps and ripples of pleasure ran through my body making my belly tremble and my nipples tingle.

As his tongue ventured deeper, I widened my stance to give him better access to my gash. He responded admirably – poking his tongue deeper inside and sucking my clit in between his lips as he strummed it with his tongue. His touch was incredibly sensitive, yet firm, and was working wonders on my sensitive pussy. I could already feel the warmth of my orgasm building inside my stomach. Then I felt his nose brushing through my pubes, causing the intensity of my pleasure to rocket.

I pushed his head really hard against my cunt and gripped it tightly between my thighs… just as my orgasm hit me and I cried out. Someone passed the end of the lane and looked our way without stopping, but that only made it better, and I sprayed my love juices inside his waiting mouth.

CAROL, TOWN WITHHELD

My husband Alex is a skillful and imaginative lover. Whether he's doing me missionary on our bed, or eating me out on the kitchen table, he knows how to make me get off better than anyone I was ever with before. He works hard to keep me sated, never missing an opportunity to bring me off.

One of the most enjoyable sexual romps that we've had took place recently in the countryside just outside the town where we live. I had been cooped up all week in the office and needed a bit of fresh air, and when

> "Alex's fingers commenced exploring the slick folds of my dampening pussy..."

Alex suggested that we take the car and go for a drive I was buckling up in the passenger seat inside 20 seconds.

We hadn't gone far when I spotted some wild poppies growing in a field. I pointed them out to Alex and he pulled in and up onto to the verge, suggesting that we stretch our legs. We climbed over the gate and walked hand in hand through the long meadow grass. But, as I'd been hoping, a romantic walk wasn't quite what Alex had in mind. We hadn't gone far when his hand moved up and under my skirt to caress the soft sensitive flesh of my inner thighs.

I paused, pulling his body tight against mine, and, kissing him deeply, returned the favour by placing my palm between his parted legs, fondling his tenting erection.

His cock felt large and warm as it pulsated beneath the confining material of his tight khaki shorts.

Alex's fingers commenced exploring

the slick folds of my dampening pussy lips, and I whimpered involuntarily as the tips of his digits brushed my stiffened clit. Reaching inside his pants I fondled his rigid manhood while he gently slid his middle finger into the liquid heat of my wet cunt.

I stroked his cock with my hand as he slowly finger-fucked my contracting hole while thumbing my clitoris. Another of his probing fingers found its way inside my dripping tunnel and I began pumping his rock hard prick faster. With my free hand I pulled my blouse up and released my naked breasts, which Alex began lavishing with hot wet slurping kisses… sucking and nibbling on my hardened teats.

Expertly he stimulated my yearning body, teasing and pleasing every erogenous zone with his fingers and lips until I could hold out no longer. It happened fast, but it lasted! – I began to come in a prolonged series of intense convulsive spasms, and just when I thought it was about to start subsiding, Alex slipped a pussy-juiced finger against my anus and pushed it in to the hilt.

I absolutely squealed, scaring birds from a nearby tree – coming off again and again. Meantime, I fist-pumped, stroked and milked his cock, enjoying watching, as I always do, the powerful spurts of cream erupt… only this time they flew into the twilight air and spattered among the long fronds of grass.

STACY, LONDON

My lover Laurence is fairly wealthy and, what with his great height and good looks, he is a fairly imposing figure. I fell for him the moment I saw him walk through the doors of the yacht club, waving an imperious hand at the head waiter.

It was my first evening working as a waitress there and I threw myself at him. I am 10 years younger; slim with blonde hair and a very decent pair of DD boobs. I was terribly impressed with everything about him and totally chuffed when he asked me to join him for a drink on his yacht later on that night.

I walked down to the Marina to meet him. He brought me on board and opened a bottle of wine. We got cosy and he told me lots of wonderful things about the places he'd visited and the seven classic cars he keeps at his big house in the country in Buckinghamshire.

Then, after only a moment's silence, he pulled me to my feet and started unbuttoning my blouse. "Let's get you out of these clothes," he said, as he helped me shed my blouse and skirt, stepping back as he did so to get a good look at me as I stood on the deck of his yacht in just my bra and panties. He reached around, and, unhooking the catches, let my bra slip from my boobs. My breasts and hard pink nipples stood out proudly.

"The panties," he ordered, watching as I obediently slid them down to my ankles. I was really glad that I had trimmed my bush into a perfect triangle earlier that day, and that I'd had my bikini line waxed earlier in the week.

> "I moaned when the big head of his cock forced its way into my crack."

His weapon seemed to spring to life – tentpoling in his trousers, and growing by the second! He unbuttoned his flies and pulled out his erection. Then, with all the authority which had drawn me to him, he directed me to bend over and put my hands on the seat of my chair. Spreading my legs wide apart, he exposed my slit. "I'm going to take you from behind, I think," he mused aloud cupping his chin with his hand. I moaned when the big head of his cock forced its way into my crack and he jammed his shaft all the way in, giving me a devastating orgasm on the very first stroke! "Did you like that?" he asked, as he continued to power his organ in and out of my dripping snatch.

"Oh yes, anything you do is great," I wailed. It sounds like stupid talk, but I was so totally in awe of him that first night. Then he came, his cock giving my helpless vagina a giant internal come bath. Feeling his prick expelling its spunk made me cream myself once again. When the last dollop had been spent, he slipped his thing out of me, leaving a long rivulet of warm

jizz trickling down my leg towards the deck.hands he emptied his balls inside my convulsing cunt.

COCK-A-HOLIC

Ever since I can remember, I've been a total chocoholic. Just the velvety texture of chocolate as it melts down my throat is enough to get me wet and I like nothing better than to suck on Cadbury's finest while I play with my pussy, like a porno version of the 70s Flake ads.

I even had a boyfriend who loved to watch me fuck myself, sliding the fingers of a Twix into my sodden hole. He'd sit cock in hand and wank like crazy, as the melting treats turned my hole into a filthy caramel-chocolate fondue. I'd then lie back, moaning with pleasure as he lapped up the sticky mess, only stopping his rampant tongue to scoop up some of the chocolatey pussy juice to taste myself. If I was lucky, after we'd both come he'd feed me the remaining biscuit base, which would taste even better now smeared with my cunt juice. That would be followed by a slow and equally delicious fuck, his already hard again cock ramming into my soaking pussy. We indulged in that little game so often that it seemed like his cock permanently tasted of chocolate.

Sometimes we'd lie on the sofa, relaxing in front of the TV with a box of Quality Street. He'd get me to prop my foot up on the arm and spread my pussy so he could dip the unwrapped confections into my snatch, one at a time, before popping them into either his or my mouth. Even the usually disgusting strawberry creams went down a treat, and I'd share the gooey centre with him in a sloppy kiss.

It was such sexy fun that I didn't even mind watching sport with him. We'd get through the whole box that way and then he'd flip me over, arse in the air. With one hand on my stomach and the other fingering my slit, he'd fuck my curvy arse. As his strokes got harder and faster, sending electric shocks shooting from my clit up my spine, he'd cry out with his own passion. Then he'd reward me by pulling out and shooting his come all over two or three of the chocs, and treating me to a chocolatey-spunky mouthful.

Needless to say, he was a dream come true and I was devastated when we eventually broke up. Admittedly, without all that chocolate-fuelled fucking I lost weight, getting into 'skinny' jeans for the first time in years. But I was so bloody miserable with the type of men I subsequently attracted. Guys who made me feel guilty about my sweet tooth, to such an extent that my solo chocolate and dildo sessions almost made me even feel guilty.

Consequently, I'd given up hope of finding a new Willy Wonka. But then the hottest thing happened. I was driving home when I noticed they'd opened a posh hand-made chocolate emporium in the old florist's. Obviously, I couldn't resist checking it out, and as I stood at the window, gazing at all the treats, I could feel my mouth start to water, and my pussy begin to moisten.

When I finally went inside and smelled the delicious chocolate, my nipples went stiff and I could feel that my knickers had become really wet. Thinking there was nobody else around, I pressed against the counter, rubbing my tits across the glass front. I imagined myself rolling naked on a bed of chocolates, the sticky treats melting and covering me as a hunky stud fucked me from behind.

"Sex and chocolate are inseparable, aren't they?" I suddenly heard from behind me. I turned to see the shop's owner standing there, smiling. He was as a good looking man with chiselled features, dark hair and eyes that made me want to rip off my clothes and fuck him right there in the shop.

"I think I ought to close up, don't you?" he continued, almost as if he could tell that I was desperate to feel him inside me. I didn't say a word, I just shut my eyes and stood back against the counter. Moments later he was behind me, pulling off my dress and running his strong hands across my tingling body. He then knelt at my ankles and slowly started to peel of my knickers with his teeth. I stepped out of them and quickly turned to face him, pushing my breasts right into his face when he stood up.

His erection was already poking out the front of his trousers and he unzipped his flies to release it. I gasped, feeling the pre-come dribble down my tummy as he trailed it down my body and positioned it at the entrance to my hole. A quick lift and I felt first the head of his dick slip inside my soaking pussy, then he pushed into me slowly until his big, throbbing cock was fully inside me. It felt amazing and he ground his hips as he thrust, fucking me hard and fast as I reached down to rub my clit with my fingers until an almighty orgasm hit me, sending sparks shooting through my whole body.

But before I could regain my composure, he picked me up and carried me into the back room where the chocolates were made. Setting me down in front of him, he dipped a ladle into a saucepan of melted chocolate. He then poured half the ladleful into my mouth, and drizzled the rest onto his fat cock. Naturally, I was more than keen to take his chocolatey prick into my mouth, sucking and slurping with delight, and within seconds he pumped his hot, sticky spunk into my mouth. I enjoyed the delicious combination of the rich chocolate and salty spunk on my tongue for a few seconds before tipping my head back and swallowing the lot.

I'm delighted to say that belly full of chocolate and spunk sealed our relationship. My candy man and I now run the shop together, and although I'm having to watch my weight a little, we rarely have sex without my favourite sweet treat!

Megan, Shropshire.

PIZZA THE ACTION

As a poverty stricken student, I've been working at the local pizza place to earn some extra cash. You see, I've got this very demanding girlfriend, Stella, who's always asking me to take her to fancy places and buy her trinkets I can barely afford. Yeah, it's a bit much sometimes, particularly when I'm walking around in scabby trainers, but she's such a good fuck she's well worth it. If I take her on a spending spree I'm guaranteed a good blow-job even before I've gotten home, followed by a full-on, no-holes-barred fuck session all night long!

Initially, my boss had me doing all the crappy stuff – making up the boxes, that sort of thing – and it was driving me nuts. Stuck at the back of the shop, I never even saw a Saturday night drunk, let alone the "fit birds" that the counter staff claimed they were always trying to pull. It was hot and boring, and Stella constantly complained that I stank of pepperoni if I dared to try and grab hold of her before showering after my shift.

But then one of the delivery guys broke his arm, leaving us in serious trouble on a busy bank holiday weekend. The management were running round like headless chickens, until I piped up and said I had a bike and could easily take his place. I could see by their faces they weren't keen, but what could they do? It was either me or nothing.

So off I raced on my first few deliveries. Everything went smoothly and I was really enjoying being out and about. Then I went back to pick up the next order. I'd noticed that every week the drivers had argued about who was going to go to one particular address. I mean seriously argued, with pushing and fists, and when I asked, they'd never tell me what the aggro was about. Anyway, since everyone else was out on deliveries, I suddenly got this mystery address. But what I couldn't figure out was why I was getting envious looks when I left.

Well that was until I rang the doorbell of this extra cheese and pineapple-loving household. There I was, standing in my leathers and thinking about giving Stella a good seeing-to when I got home, when the door flung open and I was confronted by this 20-something babe wearing nothing but a babydoll nightie. She was blonde, long hair, firm tits, and the cherry on the cake, she was wearing this kinky pair of high-heeled Perspex shoes.

It was like an X-rated cartoon, as my knob immediately sprang to attention and my jaw dropped open. The mystery woman simply laughed and, with a finger twirling suggestively in her mouth, said, "Aren't you going to bring the pizza inside for me?"

You can bet your life I did more than that! Especially when she took me into her front room and there was another semi-naked chick lolling around on a floor cushion with her bum in the air. "She's such a tease," the blonde giggled, coming up behind me and licking my neck, "just asking for it really, don't you think?" Oh, absolutely!

Seconds later I was stripped off and up to my balls in pussy, doing that brunette doggy-style while her pal sat, legs wide open on the sofa, fingering her slit and scoffing pizza. Pounding that wet hole like my life depended on it, I knew exactly why my co-workers had fought to literally come here every week. In fact, as my cock twitched and I felt myself starting to come, and she began to groan with her own climax, I figured I'd probably be joining them in future rows!

I'd only just spurted when I felt the blonde's awesome shoes in my back.

"Mmmm…" she sighed, as I swivelled round, "this is good pizza. But I tell you it's not as tasty as my cunt. Why don't you have a try?" She then lay back and pulled her pussy lips wide open, so that I could see just how juicy she was.

Kneeling in front of her, I slipped two, then three fingers into that greedy cunt, taking them out covered and glistening with her pussy juice and lifted them for her to suck clean. It was like all my birthdays and Christmases had arrived at once, as she moaned and ground her hips to encourage me to open her wider. Doing just that, I started thrusting my fingers in and out, round and round, bending my head forward to simultaneously suck on her clit.

But then things got even better, when the brunette crawled between my legs and took my cock deep into her throat. She sucked and licked my dick like never before, and even put my Stella to shame.

My God, she was sucking so good I thought she was going to turn me inside out! And when she started licking my helmet and groping my balls with her fingers, that just did it, and I came, shooting thick, creamy spunk into her open mouth.

What she did next was so horny! Pulling me aside by my still semi-erect cock, she dribbled my spunk onto the blonde's boobs and then into her fanny. "I'm going to finish what you started," she grinned, "and you, virile young pizza man, are going to fuck me again as I do it."

Though I was on my third boner, our screwing was no less intense. That brunette was insatiable, screaming, "Fuck my tight hole, harder, harder!" in between mouthfuls of soaking pussy. I was totally knackered by the time I'd shot another sticky load up her, practically crawling along on my ride back to the shop.

The funny thing was, when I finally got home to Stella, she was rampant and desperate for my cock. And I don't know where I found the energy, but I fucked her three times, and she even let me do her in the arse! God help anyone who tries to stop me delivering to those cock-crazed nymphos again. What a job!

Gary, Huddersfield.

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MAYFAIR LETTERS

QUEST

This month's Quest girls love being told what to do. So, we told them to get in the kitchen and make us some fucking tea...

EMILY, CARLISLE

For as long as I can remember I have fantasised about being spanked. I'm not into anything too heavy, but I do like to be soundly spanked by a handsome dominant man, who will then make passionate love to me.

I was trawling the personals on a BDSM site when I saw Ian's profile. He seemed perfect and, after exchanging emails and talking over the phone, we met up at a bar. We were attracted to one another from the start, and the spanking scenarios that he outlined for me almost made me come in my white cotton panties. I finished my drink in a state of sexual agitation and willingly agreed to accompany him to his house.

Sitting on the sofa, I was so excited that I barely remember what we talked about. All I remember was the tremendous feelings of lust when he finally pulled me across his knee. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, he flipped my skirt up and began caressing my bottom and pussy through my panties.

Feeling the dampness of my gusset, he pulled it aside and fingered my slot. My thighs tensed as my pussy contracted around his probing digit, and I wriggled on his lap, thrilling to the feel of his straining penis as it bulged in his trousers.

He started off slowly, alternating between slapping my arse-cheeks and fingering my pussy. As the spanking continued, and my bottom warmed,

> "I did as he commanded and slipped my panties down to just above my knees..."

my pussy began to absolutely ache with need. I've seldom, if ever, been so hopelessly turned on, and as he continued to spank me steadily I lost all control and actually begged him to fuck me, as hard as he could.

The instant I did so, he stopped and ordered me to stand up. My stomach flipped as he sternly told me that he gave the orders, not me, and to take my panties down. Quivering with excitement, I did as he commanded and slipped my panties down to just above my knees.

Bending me over his right thigh, he slipped his fingers between my cheeks. I spread my legs as far as the panties would allow as he rubbed my throbbing vulva, which was slick with my essence.

Ian began spanking me again and the warm glow he created stimulated me no end, causing my pussy to contract rhythmically in time to his spanks. When he stopped slapping

my arse, I could see over my shoulder that my burning buttocks were blushing crimson, and, as he helped me up and positioned me over the back of the sofa, I felt both wonderfully submissive and extremely sexy.

I was vaguely aware of him undressing behind me and when he spread my pussy lips and slipped his cock inside me I was in a state of euphoria. His thrusts were deep and hard, and I arched back, pushing my glowing bottom upward to meet each one as my pussy throbbed and clamped around his bludgeoning tool.

When Ian finally allowed me to climax, my whole vulva shuddered, gripping his reaming truncheon as he unloaded his balls deep inside me.

ROBERTA, SCARBOROUGH

My boyfriend Simon is into role play, so it's just as well that I get off big time on sexual experimentation. I suppose you could say that we have a bit of a kinky sex game thing going on. We take it in turn to come up with new and surprising games, each trying to out do each other. My pussy literally bubbles with my juices when Simon unveils the latest game he has invented, and I learn the part I am to play. So far, he has never come up with anything that I have objected to.

Simon's really big thing is playing mind games, and he can be very imaginative when he has me at his mercy.

Not so long ago, he phoned me with instructions for a scene he had planned for that evening. I listened carefully to his plan then, as instructed, I stripped, pulled on a blindfold and lay on the bed with my legs spread wide apart.

The thought of being on display in such a wanton position really got me hot and the longer I lay there, the more excited I became. And by the time I heard Simon's key in the door I was dripping for it. 'Would he be alone?' I wondered. He had never involved anyone else in our saucy fun before, but he had threatened to do so from the very first time we'd tried out our kinky sex games.

The door opened and I heard Simon walk into the room. I held my breath, trying to hear what he was doing and waiting for his touch. He walked around the bed and then I heard the unmistakable click of a camera and my heart thumped loudly as pictures were taken of me in this position.

Completely oblivious to what was going on, how many people were even in the room, or what I was in store for, all I could do was lay there and wait. My pussy was soaking wet with anticipation. I was desperate to reach down and touch it, and nearly did before I suddenly felt hands on me. They roamed all over my body, before I felt a sharp slap on my bottom, and heard Simon say that he was off to the pub and that "someone would be around shortly" to play with me. As if to tease me further, he instructed me not to start before my 'guest' arrived. All I could do was wait.

After maybe an hour, I heard the key in the door and someone walked in. I wondered if Simon had returned or if it was a stranger. Footsteps moved towards the bed.

The touch of cold fingers made me jump, as a hand caressed my breast. Fingertips trailed down my ribcage, awakening every nerve ending in my body as they reached my pussy. As the fingers teased my labia, my vagina widened in response. I moaned as a finger was pushed inside, lubricating itself with my juices.

In alarm, I felt the finger travelling up my arse-crack and pausing at my anus, then being slowly pushed deep inside my ring. Back and forth it probed and turned, until the stranger removed it, replacing it with what eventually proved to be a thick butt plug. My toes curled as the thick bulge in the middle of the plug passed inside me, and my rectal muscles pulled the rest of the plug inside. The result was that my virgin anus was kept open, clenching down on the neck of the thick plug.

With it deep in my rectum, the stranger pushed his cock into my pussy and I felt the beginnings of an incredible orgasm. In and out he plunged his prick, until with one final heave he spunked in me, triggering my climax. My anus clamped down hard on the rigid rectal plug, making me cry out as another wave of orgasm took over.

Simon still won't tell me who it was that night, but then that's the game!

MICHELLE, LEICESTER

My hubby Nick is the dominant kind, and at over six foot two there are not many people with the bottle to stand up to him. He always gets his way, but then that is what attracted me to him in the first place. I don't mind that he's a bit pushy and demanding. He makes up for it in lots of other ways.

Sexually, he's easily the best I've ever had, and I've had plenty in my time. Nick is also very generous and is always buying me things to make me happy. For instance, he bought me a special little fanny tickler a while ago. Unlike most of the stuff that you can buy at ordinary sex shops, this particular piece of equipment was hi-tech.

> "Before long I was gasping and bouncing in my seat..."

He gave it to me one night when he was taking me out for a curry with his friends. Just as we're leaving the flat, he hands it to me and says, "Here you go, Michelle love, slip that in, and we'll have ourselves some fun tonight."

It was shaped like a bullet and had a small power pack attached by a piece of wire. I wasn't too sure about walking around in public with this thing

whirring away inside my pussy, but I love it when Nick gets all masterful and tells me what to do. So, I stuck the bullet inside my pussy and stuffed the power pack down the front of my knickers.

Nick told me I had to wait until he was ready before I could try it out, but even the feel of the bullet-shaped vibro inside my fanny was making me hot. By the time we reached the curry house I was in a fucking awful state and my knickers were sopping.

We met up with his mates and Nick and I sat down to our curry. His pals were all over me, complimenting Nick on his sexy wife and admiring my newly enhanced DD bristols which Nick had paid for as a birthday gift.

Then he took out his mobile phone and the lads started to snigger. I thought, 'What's up?' because they all turned to stare at me. Then Nick handed me his paper serviette and told me to lift my skirt and sit on it. A little confused, I did as he said and then Nick sent a text from his phone. I couldn't believe it. The text activated the bullet which immediately began to vibrate inside my pussy. I never knew such a thing was possible, but it is.

Anyway, who cares? It worked wonders and I could hardly contain myself as Nick remotely notched up the speed. Before long I was gasping and bouncing in my seat as Nick brought me to climax time after time, and all in front of his mates! After I had come so many times my head was swimming. Nick turned it off and asked me to hand him the serviette. I reached underneath me and was embarrassed to feel that it was completely soaked through.

With a look of triumph he passed it among his pals.

SHARON, MANCHESTER

Six months ago I got a job working for an advertising agency. It's my first real job and my boss Mr Adams is a top bloke, although he can sometimes be a bit overbearing. As the youngest and last in the door, I am the junior in the office. But Mr Adams has taken an interest in me and is helping to train me up as his personal assistant.

Some of the girls who have been there longer than me are jealous and keep hinting that I must be doing sexual favours for him. I deny it to them, but in a way they could hardly be more right. I would do anything for Mr Adams, because we have a very special kind of relationship.

I'm not his girlfriend or anything like that, but I'm very submissive and he has taken full advantage of it. Since my first week on the job, we have fallen into a pattern of his giving orders and my following them to the letter. For instance, I am not allowed to wear underclothing at work and it is understood that I am available for him to use sexually at any time.

My working day is a whirl of sexual tension as I never know when he is going to use me, and this keeps my pussy constantly on the boil. Lately he has taken more control over my personal life and he cross-examines me about my boyfriends.

But it's not all just "give" on my side. Last week he gave me a present of a new G3 phone. I was dead chuffed to get such an expensive gift and, as instructed, I brought it everywhere with me.

I was on a hot date last Saturday when I felt my phone buzzing in my pocket. Seeing from the number that it was Mr Adams, I hurried to the ladies to answer it.

He asked me where I was and who I was with, and blushing hotly I told him the details. Then he asked if we intended to have intercourse that night and I stammered that I hoped so. His next words almost made me drop my new phone. He told me to go into a cubicle and wank over my phone so that he could watch.

My heart was racing as I followed his instructions, and lowering the toilet lid, I placed the phone on it and straddled the toilet bowl. I felt totally in his power as I propped the phone in some toilet tissue so that he could get a better view. Then, pulling my pussy lips into a wide gape so that Mr Adams had a clear view of the action, I began to finger my clit.

My pussy was throbbing hotly as I worked my fingers deep inside my oozing slot. As my pussy spasmed and my pussy lips gripped tight round my fingers I climaxed hard. The contractions continued for some time, making my fluids dribble over my hand and drip down to the toilet seat. One or two drips even spotted the phone lens.

JANE, IPSWICH

For as long as I can remember I have had what books and magazines call submissive tendencies. My pussy goes all gooey when my boyfriend gives me instructions. I just love being told what to do! It's not that I'm a doormat and I certainly don't suffer from low self-esteem. In fact, I am a very good looking girl, my boyfriend says a "princess" is what I am, and I feel I deserve to be looked after in every way and not have to bother about making decisions.

My boyfriend Glen is in total agreement with this, and that's why we get along so well together and have such a fantastic sex life.

Glen is an accountant, so I don't even have to go out to work anymore. He buys my clothes and decides each morning what I should wear that evening to please him. The fact that I know that I am dressing for sex every evening has made my libido increase and I am literally soaking down below with excitement by the time he walks through the front door.

> "My pussy goes all gooey when my boyfriend gives me instructions..."

Yesterday, he phoned ahead and instructed me to be waiting for him on

> "I moaned loudly and begged him to fuck my pussy..."

all fours in the hall with my arse facing the door. I was wearing the tight vinyl corset with matching vinyl panties, a tiny vinyl mini skirt, stockings and spike-heeled patent leather ankle boots he bought me, and was in position when he opened the door. As he entered, I spread my legs wider and wriggled my arse provocatively.

He walked around me, examining me. Then, pulling my panties hard up my crack, he sawed the gusset back and forward, creating friction on my pulsing clit. This drove me wild and I moaned loudly and begged him to fuck my pussy.

Pulling me to my feet, he unzipped himself and pushed me back against the hall table. My arse-cheeks were pressed against the edge of it, as he reached down the front of my corset and pulled out my tits. None too gently he mashed my breast flesh together in his big hands, squeezing my tits hard, which only served to make me even more randy.

Pinching my nipples, he stretched them upwards until I was standing on tiptoes. Then, releasing them suddenly, he yanked down my panties and, lifting my arse up onto the edge of the table, he rammed his cock inside my dripping box. My pussy muscles gripped his meat tightly as it pulsed inside me and I thanked him profusely, loving the feeling of fullness in my twitching hole.

Pulling back, Glen shunted his rod back and forth inside me, plundering my hot slot until I was weak at the knees. Then, with one last final barrage, he shot his load, filling my spasming pussy with thick, creamy spunk.

GILLIAN, TOWN WITHHELD

I am a lifestyle sex slave and have lived with Colin, my Master, for over a year. I was new to the lifestyle when I moved in, but now he has trained me to his exacting standards. I go out to work during the day like everyone else, but Colin regulates my life, and I gladly abide by his rules.

The longer I am with him the more he expects of me, and this keeps me happy and fulfilled. Every inch of my body is his to explore and use. I have to keep myself wet and ready for him, and as a three-hole slave he can fuck me in my pussy, my anus, and my mouth at will.

Up until last month, he had not ordered me to serve anyone else, and although he mentioned it many times, I thought it was just a fantasy of his. But one evening he brought a friend home and ordered me to strip off in front of him. With a mixture of excitement and shock I did as he ordered, and when he told me to suck Adam off I almost came on the spot.

Adam was tall and well built and I could see from the bulge in his trousers that he was pretty well-endowed. I could feel my pussy dampen as he twisted some of my hair around his hand and gently tugged it until I was on my knees. My clit was still throbbing as I eagerly unzipped him, releasing his large erect cock.

Licking his engorged helmet, I lapped up his pre-come before sucking his shaft between my lips. My body was trembling with excitement as I began bobbing my head in a rhythm and drew more of his length inside my mouth until I was nearly gagging. I love gagging on cock, it makes me feel like the dirty little slut I really am.

Tilting my head back, I widened my jaw as Adam face-fucked me, his knob-end hitting the back of my throat every couple of strokes. Then, suddenly, he whipped his cock from between my lips and, slapping it against my cheeks a few times, he sprayed hot, thick, creamy spunk all over my up-turned face.

As instructed, I scooped up and swallowed every single drop of Adam's delicious, salty come, then took his cock back into my mouth, sucking the last few drips from him and cleaned his cock with my tongue.

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BEST FOOT FORWARD

I was at a party at my friend Rob's house about 12 days ago when I met the sexiest woman I had ever seen. Her name is Jessica and since we first made love I just can't imagine anyone more attractive or sexy than she is. Jessica has long, light brown hair, green eyes and a delicious peppering of freckles across the bridge of her nose.

She is slender and has the best legs ever. One of Jessica's most attractive traits is that she prefers wearing skirts to trousers, which for a leg man like myself is an added bonus. Jessica is the ultimate love machine and she oozes sex from every pore. Since meeting we take every opportunity to have sex, and it is always sizzling and extremely erotic.

Jess is not into being banged bent over the kitchen table, and I could never imagine asking her to put her seat back for a hump in the car. Jessica likes a lover with a tender touch, a hard cock, and plenty of stamina.

The last time we had sex was after dinner last Wednesday. We cleared the dishes and moved into her living room.

The lighting was muted but the room was far from dark. She sat back into the deep cushions of the sofa and stretched her long legs. I removed her shoes as she slid her skirt up slightly, and I could feel myself becoming erect as I saw that she was wearing stockings and suspenders. Without hesitation, I slid my hands up under her skirt and unfastened her suspenders, releasing the tops of her sheer stockings.

Jessica wriggled with pleasure as I knelt before her and began to roll one sheer stocking down her leg. She sighed as I slid it further down, easing it off over her shapely foot. Once both her stockings were removed, Jessica's legs parted slightly, making her skirt ride further up her legs. Her crotch was on full display, revealing a pair of sexy red panties with a narrow gusset that barely covered her pussy.

Jess slumped further down into the couch so that her legs were splayed comfortably apart. A wet spot had formed in the crotch of her panties, and her pussy lips were swollen and clearly visible, pressing tightly against the fabric.

I touched her pussy lips through the silky fabric of her panties, and Jessica pressed her moist gusset against my fingertips. Slipping a finger beneath the elastic I felt the heat of her cunt, and it was all I could do to keep from ripping off her panties and fucking her right there and then.

It was Jessica who reached beneath her skirt and removed her panties, tossing them carelessly to join her stockings on the carpet. Her pussy was neatly trimmed and I could hardly wait to run my tongue between her thick juicy pussy lips. Spreading her labia with my fingers, I dipped my tongue inside her inner pinkness, curling it at the tip so that I could scoop up her heated pussy juice. Jessica moved against my tongue, pressing her delicate dewy folds against my eager lips as I sucked hard on her moistening slit.

I could tell she was on the verge of coming, so I pushed the tip of my tongue further inside her. That really sent her over the edge and Jess orgasmed, her body shaking as small tremors vibrated through her crotch. Her body jerked convulsively several times before she sank slowly back against the cushions, and as her climax passed she let go a long, satisfied sigh.

I unzipped my trousers, releasing the pressure on my engorged penis and Jessica's feet moved nearer to give my crotch a foot massage. Her long, elegant feet stroked my shaft and she curled her toes around its swollen head. Holding the soles of her feet against my cock to increase the friction, I worked it up and down for a while. It felt intensely exciting and I was as hard as steel by the time she lowered her legs again.

Jessica's fingers closed around my shaft, and her hot breath stimulated my helmet as she pulled back the foreskin completely. Her lips parted slightly, and she sucked the head of my cock into her mouth. My breathing became ragged as I felt the warmth of her mouth as she softly tickled me with of the tip of her tongue. She sat back again, small trails of spit and pre-come falling from her lips and dribbling down my erection.

I was desperate to feel my cock inside her, and, taking hold of her slim ankles, I lifted her legs back and she wriggled lower on the seat. Pressing my pelvis forward, I nestled the head of his erection in her warm folds. Jessica wrapped her legs around my back and I slowly pushed my thick shaft into her. Moving slowly, I stretched her warm pussy with every gentle thrust.

Jessica moaned as I shunted faster, my hands kneading the soft globes of her fabulous breasts. Her inner muscles flexed and clenched and I fought hard to delay my orgasm, withdrawing my penis and rubbing the head along the length of her labia, then brushing it over her large clitoris. Her body jolted with every pass, and as her twitches and jolts grew more pronounced, I slipped easily back inside.

Thrusting into her again, I fucked her until she was gasping for breath. Her pussy muscles were gripping me so tightly by now that I couldn't last any longer. My balls tightened and my shaft and knob swelled, unleashing a torrent of thick come deep inside her clenching pussy.

Steve, Harlow.

SHOOTING IN THE ROUGH

The company that I work for has, for the last few years, organised a summer golf tournament. Now, I'm no real fan of golf, and can think of about 300 other things I'd rather be doing than wasting a day hitting a little white ball into a hole in the ground. But the one good thing about this tournament is that it means a day out of the office and a nice meal, all food and drink paid for, back at the clubhouse.

Of course, the old farts in our office love the fact that they get a day off work to get tarted up in their brightly coloured sweaters and play a round of golf on company time. But for me and my colleague Lisa, who's also in her late 20s, it's not something we were particularly looking forward to. The day before the tournament I got an e-mail from Lisa asking for ideas on how we could have fun at the golf course. "We can make this interesting!!!" she'd typed, and I was rather taken aback by her flirty tone.

I quickly typed back that so long as we stuck some alcohol in our bags along with the borrowed golf clubs then we'd be alright. "Oh yes. And who knows what might happen after that?!" she responded. I felt a little tingle in my groin as I thought about exactly what Lisa might have in mind.

Spurred on by Lisa's enthusiasm, I asked if she needed me to pick her up and give her a lift to the golf course. She e-mailed back quickly and said yes she needed a lift, and also how much she was looking forward to being my golf partner.

Just after ten the next morning I was outside Lisa's house waiting for her. My cock and balls stirred into life when I saw what she was wearing; tight white trousers and a tight yellow polo shirt that showed off her boobs perfectly. She had also tied her hair back and was wearing a white baseball hat. She looked sexy and sporty, all very different to the sober suits she wore to the office. "Ready to hit some balls around, then?" laughed Lisa as she got in the car. I inhaled the scent of her perfume and, not for the first time, found myself imaging her moist lips sucking and licking at my cock.

"You look nice," I offered by way of introduction.

"Thanks," she replied as she placed a hand on my thigh, "you don't look too bad yourself. I really think we're going to have some fun today." The green light was well and truly on and my cock stiffened to its full six inches.

It was pretty uncomfortable driving with a hard-on, but we managed to make it to the golf club without crashing. Predictably, we were the last to arrive and all the old farts from the office were there and already swinging at imaginary balls. "Come on you two, we're ready to start," shouted one of the sales managers.

As the rest of our group teed off and made their way round the course, me and Lisa were soon lagging behind. Every time I went to the hit the ball Lisa grabbed at my arse or rubbed herself against me. I returned the favour when it was her turn to take a shot, and the fact that she offered no resistance when I worked my hand between her legs only increased my excitement.

"That feels good," whispered Lisa as she clamped her legs on to my hand.

"See those trees over there?" I said. "You should hit your ball in that direction."

"What, so you can help me look for my ball and then take advantage of me?" she replied, before adjusting her stance and sending a ball flying into the thick mass of trees to our left.

Dragging our bag of clubs behind us, we scampered behind a thick row of bushes that was also covered by a line of trees. Almost immediately, Lisa dropped to her knees in front of me and unzipped my trousers. She pulled out my hard length and licked all the way up my shaft. My knees trembled as Lisa took my expectant cock inside her mouth and began sucking me off. I looked down and saw that Lisa's nipples were hard and clearly visible through her shirt. I reached down and lifted the top off her, taking her baseball hat with it.

Unclipping her bra to reveal her beautiful tits, I bent down, slipping my dick between her ample cleavage so that Lisa could massage my cock. The silky smooth skin of her boobs felt so fucking good against my throbbing dick, and when she started to rub them up and down the length of my cock, I couldn't help but let out a small groan of appreciation.

After tit-wanking me almost to the point of no return, Lisa stood up, unbuttoned her trousers and pulled down her white cotton knickers. I just stood and stared at her pussy for a good 30 seconds. It was completely shaven and her pink lips were swollen with excitement. I sank to my knees and buried my face between her legs and tasted her cunt.

"I want you inside me right now," urged Lisa as, with her trousers and knickers round her ankles, she shuffled over to a nearby tree. Holding onto one of the branches for balance, she stuck her pretty, round arse towards me and told me to fuck her hard and fast. The sweat was pouring off me as I drilled away inside her tight hole. With every thrust Lisa would push back against me, sending me wild with desire. Pulling my cock out of her completely, I then powered it back inside once more, unleashing a torrent of sticky come as I did so.

After quickly cleaning ourselves up, I phoned ahead to the rest of the party and told them that Lisa was feeling ill and that we were going to have to go home – and we did, to spend rest of the day fucking!

Brian, Oxford.

QUEST

Should women wear panties, or should they go commando? Our Quest girls tackle the subject, and tell us their preferences...

NINA, PERTH

I have stopped wearing knickers since I forgot and left a pair behind me in the aftermath of a drunken shag with my best friend's hubby. Needless to say, Sheila has not spoken to me since, and her cheating swine of a husband is now acting as if I have the pox. Ach well, you live and learn, and I have found that it is more convenient to be prepared in case the chance of an opportunist shag comes my way.

Take last Saturday night when I was down the old hostelry with Philip, my current boyfriend – though I'd be better with some sort of bloody inflatable bloke for all the use he is. The tosser got rat-arsed drunk and, as the night wore on, it looked less and less as though I was going to get anything.

I helped the legless bastard outside to wait for the taxi, thinking that this was going to be another Saturday night DIY job for my fingers, when just then his mates rolled up and persuaded him to go back in and have a couple more. "Fuck that and fuck him," I thought as the taxi pulled in and, without a backwards glance at the drunken sod, I climbed in the back.

I'd been drinking Pernod, and it's true what they say about it being a real leg-opener, because I got the itch right there in the cab. Without thinking, I spread my thighs and began to finger my pussy. My tight mini skirt rode up my thighs as I spread my legs wider, and, because I had no panties on, I had no trouble getting at my hot slit.

The driver slowed down and, eyeing me in the rear-view mirror, asked me cheekily if I was all right back there. I was just on the edge of coming and all I could say was,

"Fuck yes!" as I tripped my clitty button and came off. I was still writhing on the seat when the taxi pulled into the car park in front of the flats. Getting out, I leaned in the driver's window and rooted around in my purse to pay the fare.

The taxi driver told me not to bother; that he had enjoyed the show and, looking at me appreciatively, offered to do me himself anytime my bloke wasn't up to the job. I looked him over too, because frankly the wank in the back of his motor had only served to make me hornier. He was well built and not bad looking for a bloke over 30, and when my eyes went to his crotch and I saw the size of the bulge in his jeans I knew that I was in for a treat.

"How about now?" I suggested, feeling far randier than I had in a good while. Without wasting any time, he got out of the driver's door, pulled me towards him and unzipped his stonking big tool. I stroked it admiringly, enjoying the feel of hard meat in my hands... and making a mental note to dump useless Philip and his pathetic little prick a.s.a.p.

Not wanting to waste any time I glanced around the car park and, seeing it was still quiet, I hitched up my skirt and bent over the bonnet of the motor.

The horny great sod was inside me in a flash, his large knob sliding in easily to my already lubricated fanny. He held me by the hips and thrust his length inside my aching twat, filling me nicely with his "single sausage supper".

It was a pure brilliant shag. That whopping big cock of his fairly plunged in and out of my sopping gash until I was coming again and again as he unloaded his jizz deep inside my slot.

That was it. No messing around with underwear – no regrets – and the best doggie knee-trembler I've had for yonks. Plus I still had the price of the fare left in my purse!

OLIVIA, SCUNTHORPE

In my opinion, going "panties-free" is not as exciting as it's sometimes cracked up to be. My boyfriend loves to feel how damp my gusset grows when I become turned on. I too enjoy the feel of sexy lingerie, finding the soft caress of satin and lace against my most intimate places both exhilarating and pleasurable.

Not long ago Michael bought me a scarlet silk bra and panties set for my birthday. And, naturally enough, he was impatient to christen it with my juices! He took me for dinner to my favourite restaurant and, during the meal, he began to talk about how he was going to make love to me when we got home.

> "He rotated the tip of his finger on my clit, making me gasp aloud as I neared climax."

Reaching under the table, he ran his hand up under my skirt, along one thigh and over my stocking top until he came to my pussy. As his fingers made contact with the gusset he told me how he intended to make me lie me on the bed, spreading my legs wide, and then bring me off hard with his tongue.

As he began to finger me through the thin fabric, I became so aroused that my gusset dampened and I couldn't help wriggling on my seat. The thin silk became saturated with my juices as he rotated the tip of his finger on my clit, making me gasp aloud as I neared climax. Noticing that people had begun to look in our direction, I picked up my wine glass and sipped, trying to act as if nothing were happening. Just you try it sometime. It's not exactly easy!

He prodded my vulva with his finger, then pushed it gently inside me –

prodding the gusset in ahead of it. The fabric became tautly stretched as he pushed his finger deeper, putting pressure on my clit and creating a wedgie between my bottom cheeks. I was now very close to climax and when he brushed his thumb across my clit my pussy went off like a squib, and I sat back gasping as the most delightful orgasm throbbed inside my clenching quim. Then I started – everyone must have seen, or so I thought. But actually, no-one was looking. I think they were already so embarrassed they were deliberately ignoring what was pretty obviously going on at our table.

I was breathless and elated as Michael withdrew his fingers. Then, bringing his hand out from under the tablecloth, and looking into my eyes, he slowly put them to his lips and sucked my essence from them, one by one.

The damp gusset clung to my mound and my clit was still throbbing when he called for the bill. A little while later, when I lay on the bed, Michael lovingly peeled the sodden wisp of fabric from my mound and finally gave me the fabulous tonguing he'd promised!

MARIANNE, MIDDLESBOROUGH

I love the feeling of freedom I get when I go without wearing panties. I like the sensation of cool air on my pussy and bum-cheeks and absolutely adore the feel of sitting bare-arsed on the grass, on the beach, or even on something as simple as the wooden seat of a chair.

In fact, over the past year I have given up wearing panties altogether, and although I work in a crowded office, I have not yet been found out by my fellow employees. Sometimes, in a fit of wanton abandon, I touch myself up under my desk and enjoy the naughty sensations as I listen to the goings-on in the world around me.

I met Jerry one afternoon as I walked from the train station to my home, which sits at the very edge of a public park. He was over from Canada, and was looking for his aunt's house, which was actually just a little further down the road. Anyway, he politely stopped me to ask for directions. As soon as I looked into his eyes I liked him. We were going the same way, and as we walked along together we fell easily into conversation. When someone's never been to Britain or seen one of their relatives, there's a lot to talk about!

We arranged to meet later that evening at a nearby pub and found that we had much in common. As he walked me home I felt a longing to feel his hard muscular frame pressed against me, and, as – thank heavens! – my parents were off visiting friends down in Cambridge, I was able to bring him inside. Without prompting he took me in his arms and kissed me, making my body quiver with excitement. As if knowing my need, he did not hesitate to push me against the work-top in the kitchen and explore me with his fingers.

His hands slid up inside my skirt and he squeezed my bum cheeks – his smile broadening as he realised there were no panties to peel off. He stroked my buttocks, then caressed my mound, and finally his fingers spread my pussy lips in search of my clit. He rubbed me expertly before pushing his fingers inside. Never had anyone wanked me off so wonderfully, and I bucked and writhed against his hand until I found the release I needed. I came violently, and shuddered until I was spent.

Eager to return the favour, I led him into the sitting-room. We sat on the couch and I told him to relax. Then I lowered his trousers, freed his erection from his boxers, and bent my head to taste his helmet. I was rewarded with a groan of approval as I licked his cock all over, wetting it enough that it slid easily between my lips. And how I sucked him! I used my hands on his balls while mouth-fucking him, his hips rising each time my head came down.

Eventually, with a muffled string of expletives, Jerry came hard in my mouth, his fingers tangled in my hair as his hot spunk filled my mouth.

SYLVIA, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

Tennis is one of my real passions, but I get almost as much pleasure from cavorting around in a short skirt and flashing my panties as I do from playing a match. I am an exhibitionist and enjoy the admiring looks that I get from the club members of both sexes.

It's the panties that give the game away, however, as I tend to secrete quite heavily when I'm aroused. Plus, I get aroused fairly easily. I suppose it's my age.

Not long ago I attracted the attention of a new club member named Erica. Erica has long black hair and a statuesque figure, and, although not overtly bisexual or anything, she is just so totally fucking gorgeous that I couldn't help wanting to simply tear the panties off of her from the moment she walked onto the courts and began playing.

She kept eyeing me up, too, and her body language led me to believe that she also fancied me, so I began to flirt with her in the locker room. It was easy. Though she is two or three years older than I am, neither of us were very subtle in our advances, and soon we had made arrangements to go to her flat for the afternoon.

We were hardly inside the door when she started to kiss me and ran her fingers lightly over my erect nipples through my cotton top. I moaned softly against her mouth as she tweaked a teat between her fingers. Then her hand moved down my body and she reached between my legs and teased my clit through the damp material of my small white tennis panties.

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I forced my pussy towards her hand, trying to increase the pressure but she pulled away. Instead, standing up, she undressed to reveal a spectacular body with big bouncy breasts, a perfectly flat stomach and gracefully curving hips. I'm still drooling just remembering my first sight of the whole package unwrapped!

It wasn't long before we were both naked and she brought me to the bedroom and guided me down onto her bed. Erica's hands moved between my thighs and parted my soaking pussy lips, then, teasingly she rubbed my clit, sending waves of pleasure through my whole body.

I found myself whimpering as she increased the pressure and slid two and then three fingers into me. My hips bucked wildly as she quickened the pace, her thumb concentrating on my clit. She lowered her head and began to flick her tongue across my bud, working around my clit-hood, her touch sending delicious sensations throbbing through my pussy. I guided her head down even further and she sucked harder, her fingers still pumping my dripping gash.

As I came off I held her head on my clit as she sucked, my pussy walls clamping her fingers together as I absolutely wailed in enthrallment. Even as I came she didn't stop, bringing me to another mind-blowing climax only about 90 seconds later.

As my second orgasm receded, Erica kissed her way to my lips. The faint taste of my own juices turning me on yet again. Then she reached down the side of the bed and produced a dildo, and, handing it to me, requested that I fuck her with it. I didn't have any problem with it, I told her, positively beaming.

Rubbing the head of the toy on her very wet slit I pushed it deep inside her, and she gripped the bed tightly as I forced it further into her cunt.

Starting with long slow strokes, I worked up a steady rhythm, while Erica pinched and squeezed her nipples as I forced inch after inch inside her soaking hole. I pistoned it faster and an orgasm shook her to her toes. At the same time she arched up her pelvis, trying to take more in as juice poured from her pussy.

As her orgasm peaked she cried out, then lay panting. I joined her on the pillows and kissed her flushed face and lips.

ANGELA, PORTSMOUTH

I cannot imagine how any woman can manage to go without wearing panties. As well as being useful for mopping up excessive pussy fluid they can be sexy and serve as a tremendous turn-on for the men in our lives. My husband Neil is a good example. He can splash off from just rubbing his cock across the silky material of my panties while I press my pelvis against it.

Personally, I find the silky material incredibly sensuous against my

shaven mound and love when Neil pulls the gusset aside and just fucks me without even bothering to lower my smalls. Strangely, or at least you may think so (I certainly don't) it also turns me on to see Neil wearing my underwear, which he does quite often to please me. The feel of the silky fabric against his hard erection really does it for me, and I love undoing his jeans to find that he is wearing a pair underneath. Any time I'm away he wears them while masturbating, as he says that doing it makes him feel closer to me.

One of the sexiest fuckings I've had occurred last week when we received a package of lingerie from an online mail order company. We each chose a pair and stripped off, wearing not a stitch except the new pairs of frilly panties. I was pressed against him rubbing my mound against his erect penis, which strained against the gossamer fabric of his panties.

I lay back on the bed with my legs wide open, and holding my wet gusset aside, waited to receive him.

Neil gently stroked my clit with the head of his cock, making me shudder with pleasure and close my eyes. Up and down he slid the helmet, lacquering his penis with my wetness.

Then, all at once I felt him position himself against my cunt lips and gently push inside, inch by inch. The sensation was incredible. I wrapped my legs around his hips and we lay still for a moment… then he began to thrust. I wish I could adequately describe the sensations created by the friction of the fabric as we moved together.

He moaned my name into my hair as he pulled almost the whole way out and then pushed back in again to the hilt. I knew he was at the point of coming and begged him to make me come off too. Reaching between our bodies, he rubbed my clit through the lace to the rhythm of his thrusts and we came almost at the same time.

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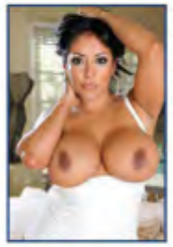

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SINNER PARTY

Since getting hitched just over 18 months ago my wife has really settled into married life. Whereas previously we would have both been out on at least two of the three weekend nights, now a typical weekend consists of spending hour upon hour roaming the aisles of Ikea to pick out home furnishings and then coming home to try out some new craft project. And thanks largely to Joanne's efforts, we also appear to have got ourselves in some kind of dinner party circuit. Consisting mostly of Joanne's work colleagues, there's six couples altogether and each month we take it in turns to host. It usually ends up with all the girls together either gossiping about work or bitching about their bosses, while the men usually gather round the television struggling to say a single word to each other.

Even though the parties are only held on a monthly basis it's an event I've come to dread. Not so much for the party itself but because for the week before the dinner, Joanne turns into a psycho cleaner and has to make sure that the entire house is spotless. I don't know what she'll do if one of our guests ever finds a spot of dust somewhere, but you can only imagine the shame and embarrassment that would come of it (in Joanne's head, anyway, if nowhere else).

The only thing that makes these dinners tolerable is Penny, Joanne's mate from college and now her workmate. Penny's what you would call outgoing with a capital O. She's loud, she's brash and not in any way shy at coming forward. All the guests dress up for the parties, but Penny always seems to hog the limelight, either with an impossibly short skirt or daring low-cut top. The strange thing is, considering the way she dresses – and acts when she's had a glass or two of wine – Penny's actually very intelligent. While the other girls will happily chat for hours about the latest goings on in whichever soap opera, Penny loves to discuss politics or films with the guys. If there's one thing Penny's not short of it's an opinion, and that's something her fella Jason doesn't deal too well with.

So it was no surprise to see Penny arrive on her own for the latest bash at our house. Joanne was too busy fussing over the other guests and worrying if the house was clean enough to notice that Penny, although putting on a brave face, was actually pretty down in the dumps. She'd spent most of the day rowing with Jason and it had all ended with him threatening to leave her. Jason had apparently gone to the pub to drown his sorrows, but Penny thought she'd put her party hat on and face the music.

Purely by chance, Penny ended up sitting next to me at dinner. It was the first time I'd been that close to her for a long period of time and I realised just what a lucky bastard Jason was. If I was him I wouldn't be threatening to walk out, no way.

Penny's blonde hair was cut in a neat bob and the white top she was wearing showed off the curve of her boobs to full effect. Together with the short black skirt she had on, she looked a million dollars. My knob stirred in my trousers as I imagined what knickers she was wearing and how delicious her pussy tasted.

The other guests seemed awkward about Penny's situation and drifted off home much earlier than they normally would. Almost as soon as the dinner plates had been cleared away there was just me, a slightly tipsy Joanne and a very tipsy Penny left in the house. As the two girls moaned about what bastards men are, I poured myself another drink and sat in the chair opposite Penny so I'd be well placed to get a glimpse of her knickers if she shifted her legs. I was in luck. Clearly affected by all the wine she'd knocked back, Penny seemed oblivious to the fact that I could see right up her skirt. A couple of stray pubes were peeking out from each side of the white material of her panties.

My moment of bliss was suddenly interrupted by Joanne throwing a cushion at me. "You dirty bastard, we can see you looking up her skirt." I was in no position to deny it and,

> "Penny as she took my length in her hand and began wanking me, while Joanne squeezed my arse and balls."

spurred on by a more than a few drinks, blurted out, "The view's so good from here it would be rude not to look." They both laughed, although Penny's face soon turned serious. "I've shown you mine, now you should me yours. Ain't that right, Joanne?" They were both giggling and nodding their heads.

I gulped hard, stood up and unzipped my trousers. I let them fall to the floor and then kicked them off. Joanne curled a finger and beckoned me over. "Well what else have you got to show us?" With my cock stiffening by the second, I slowly pulled my boxer shorts down and

revealed my hard seven inches to my wife and her best friend. "Very nice," purred Penny as she took my length in her hand and began wanking me, while Joanne squeezed my arse and balls. It felt incredible to have two women touching me. "Our guest needs cheering up," slurred Joanne as she helped Penny out of her skirt and knickers.

Kneeling on the sofa, Penny stuck her bum out as I stood behind her with my stiff cock primed for action. Joanne guided me in to Penny's wet slit and sighed as I began pumping back and forth. As I pounded away inside Penny's hot pussy, Joanne kissed Penny's arse cheeks and grabbed at my balls. The attention from two women was too much for me; I quickly pulled out and sent a creamy stream of spunk flying across Penny's peachy arse. I sat exhausted on the sofa and watched intently as Joanne and Penny made each other come with their tongues and fingers. Sadly, Penny's got a new bloke and there's been no hint of a repeat, but I live in hope!

Colin, Birmingham.

SLAVING AWAY

One of the things I love about my wife, Claire, is her sense of carnal adventure. From our very first date, when a night swapping saucy stories over tequila slammers culminated in an incredible blow-job in the taxi home, I knew I'd found the perfect companion, both in and out of the sack. Of course, friends said our horniness wouldn't last – that as soon as we married I'd have to say goodbye to all the spontaneous sex. But three years down the line, Claire and I are still fucking like bunnies.

I think a lot of this has to do with the way we incorporate fantasy into our sex life. We've always tried not to get into a rut, going out of our way to be imaginative, be it with new locations and positions or even dressing up (Claire has a fantastic PVC nurse's outfit that gives me a boner like nobody's business!). I've never understood that regulated system of copulation that most long term couples we know seem to endure – if Claire and I get to the 'oh, it's Friday night after Newsnight Review, it must be time for a shag' stage, then I can confidently say our relationship will be on its last legs.

Another saucy activity we really enjoy is reading each other erotic literature, which often ends up shaping our bedroom games. We've done a 'lady and gamekeeper' role-play after Lady Chatterley's Lover, 'posh slut and chauffeur' after Jackie Collins' The Bitch, but my favourite has to be our saucy shenanigans after devouring kinky S&M book Story of O.

Ignoring some of the novel's more extreme plot points, what turned us on was the idea of giving your body over to your lover unquestionably (that and the bit about a woman never wearing knickers to enable instant, 24/7 access!). Hence, egged on by Claire, I devised a gentle master/slave-type routine for us to incorporate into our celebration dinner for our recent anniversary.

Before our game began, I set out the ground rules: for that night, Claire was going to be my sex slave, meaning she had to obey my every whim, because I was 'Sir' and totally in charge. I then left her instructions of what to wear (red lipstick, black hold-ups, a wrap dress and stilettos – no bra or panties) and arranged to meet her at a local Russian restaurant, where the tables were conveniently positioned inside high-backed booths.

I have to say my cock sprang to attention the minute she arrived at the restaurant. Not only did she look ravishing, with her perky nipples and naked bush clearly visible through her sheer dress, but when I put my hand under the table and instructed Claire to open her thighs, her cunt was so soggy that it instantly swallowed three fingers knuckle-deep. She bit her lip as I stirred her honey pot, the sensation made more delectable by her desperate attempts not to attract attention to our antics. "You like that, don't you, my little love slave?" I hissed, speeding up the rotation of my digits to an urgent kneading motion. "Not that it matters, because your body belongs to me and I will do with it what I wish!"

When the main course came, I instructed her to finish what I had started and so as I ate, she carried on frigging herself, slowly sliding the handle of her soup spoon in and out of her sticky hole, while strumming at her clitoris with the other hand. Despite having diners either side of us, her orgasm came with loud gasps, and as I watched her crimson-slicked lips purse with pleasure, I knew what dessert would be.

"Her cunt was so soggy that it instantly swallowed three fingers knuckle-deep."

"Down on your knees, it's time to taste your master's meat!" I ordered, really getting into the swing of my role. For a second, I thought Claire was going to laugh, but instead she looked me straight in the eye, said, "Yes, Sir," and promptly launched herself at my manhood. With the long tablecloth masking her actions, I couldn't see more than her bobbing head, but boy could I feel it as she sucked my dick down into her throat and then teasingly drew me out again. Over and

over, she swallowed my cock, sending sensuous shivers up my spine, and I rewarded her oral talents with a tasty man-milkshake.

Now the main reason I had asked her to wear that particular dress was that it allowed quick and easy public exposure. Ideal for when I demanded, as we awaited the bill, that she showed me her naked breasts. I don't know whether it was the excitement on Claire's face or the fact that her nipples were like doorstops when she popped out those tits, but hey presto, my chap was straining again to escape. "Go and stand by the car!" I barked, in character, "I'm going to fuck you hard when I'm done here."

> "Her words made me feel invincible and I shot my load deep inside her tight arse."

It took a hefty bit of camouflage to get me and my erection into the car park, where I told Claire to lift up her dress and bend over our car's bumper. Her arse looked edible in the moonlight, and consequently, in keeping with my dominating role, I figured it was appropriate to invade that particularly luscious orifice. From the way she pushed back against me and circled her hips, she obviously thought the same and I ground into her rear with extreme vigour. "Tell me who you belong to!" I roared, squeezing her bottom in time with my thrusts.

"I'm yours, Sir, body and soul," Claire groaned, her spine arching in ecstasy. "And I always will be."

Her words made me feel invincible and I shot my load deep inside her tight arse. "Happy anniversary!" I bellowed, the force of my climax almost knocking me off my feet. It was then that I realised that our game was inaccurate – as my cock twitched back to life once more, I knew Claire was, in fact, the master and I was very much the willing slave.

Peter, Devon.

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QUEST

This month we're getting intimate with a group of Nurses, who tell us what really goes on down on the ward. Bed-bath, anyone?

ANGELA, BARKING

With a couple of years' nursing experience under my belt I thought I had seen and done it all. That was until I met Stephen, a patient in the orthopaedic ward. He'd been in a road accident and had unfortunately broken both his arms. He was young, fit and otherwise healthy, but for the first few weeks he was entirely dependant on the nursing staff.

I had worked my way down the ward this one time, helping the patients to wash, when I came to Stephen. Pushing the trolley with the basin of warm water alongside, I closed the curtain around his bed.

I pulled the bedclothes down and began to wash his upper body, which was uncovered due to the difficulty of getting clothes on over the thick plaster casts on his arms. And when I undid the cord of his pyjamas to ease them down I very nearly gasped aloud at what I saw. Being a nurse, I had seen many penises in my life, but I was quite unprepared for this one. The guy had a huge, hardening shaft that extended down most of his right thigh. I had to pull his pyjamas most of the way down to his knees to reveal the head. He was circumcised and the helmet on the thing was absolutely enormous!

I was fascinated by the size of it, and could feel a hot blush spreading rapidly over my face. Trying to remain professional, I picked up a sponge and began to wash his genitals, thinking that surely his erection would ease.

Instead, though, his cock began to get even harder and started to lift upwards from between his legs. He was watching me, a sheepish grin on his face. "Sorry, Nurse," he said. "I really can't help it." And as I rinsed him off it just seemed to grow even bigger.

I looked at him and he seemed to be in real discomfort. It was clear that something had to be done, for both our sakes. So, I checked that the screens were secure and, with my heart rate quickening, I took hold of his cock, wrapping my fingers round the thick shaft as I lifted it up from his belly. I then started to move my hand purposefully up and down on his cock. "Oh, shit…" he groaned. I put the fingers of my free hand over his lips, pleading with him to be quiet, and he nodded in understanding.

While my right hand worked at steadily milking his shaft I wrapped the fingers of my left hand round his glans, marvelling at how the initially spongy helmet stiffened and swelled to an amazing hardness.

I coated my fingers with his pre-come and smeared it gently over his glans. He shivered and moaned and I knew he was really loving it. By now his cock was incredibly swollen, and I felt a little dizzy with lust and excitement. I started to move my hand faster, gripping the shaft tightly just below the head.

He moaned softly and I looked at his face. He was breathing heavily as he watched my hand moving on him, then he started to move his hips, thrusting upwards in time with my strokes. "Nurse, nurse!" he gasped, and it was clear that he was getting very close. I looked at his glans, it was almost alarmingly swollen, dark purple in colour like an enormous ripe plum. He groaned again and arched his hips upwards as I tightened my grip and pumped my fist on him with rapid strokes.

I watched his face grimace in ecstasy and then his cock bucked in my hand as a huge stream of semen shot out. I quickly put my free hand in front of his cock to catch the spurts, semen hitting my palm in thick creamy jets, and I held the end of his spurting knob in my fist, trying to contain the deluge, feeling spurt after spurt of come splash hard against my palm. I felt my pussy throb and my knickers become damp, and I was so turned on I'm sure the slightest touch would have made me come.

Slowly, his spurts reduced to a trickle, and I surveyed the scene.

His come was everywhere. The front of my uniform was dotted with white globs and I could feel something wet on arm. My whole hand was coated with semen. I tried to cup my palm to stop it dripping back onto him but it was hopeless.

I let go of his shaft and reached for the box of tissues beside the bed. I used a lot of tissues and neither of us said a word as I wiped up all the evidence. The box was completely empty by the time we were both respectable again.

KAREN, WOLVES

I've been nursing now for just over 10 years. I love my job as I enjoy dealing with the public, plus it provides any number of great opportunities to flirt. Even so, these days I have lost almost all interest in the doctors, the patients or their visitors. No, just lately I have found myself dripping for a big, well-hung, sexy black hospital porter called Chris.

Without doubt Chris is the best fuck I've ever had. His cock is like a power hose and he's got the stamina of a bull. That man can keep fucking until a girl's pussy is red raw. He is up for a shag any time, any place, just as long as he doesn't get caught out.

Last week I got transferred to a different ward, which was great as I got to see plenty of Chris. It's his job to ferry patients down to Radiography for X-rays or to the theatre for surgery. Sometimes I get to accompany him, and when we've delivered the patient we can sometimes sneak 10 minutes for a quick grope and a snog.

He's one big horny bastard, too, and loves to get his end away whenever

possible. Sometimes when I'm on a break I go looking for him and if he's free too we go somewhere quiet and shag.

Yesterday when I was on my lunch break, I arranged to meet him in one of the storage rooms. It was down a seldom-used corridor packed full of old wheelchairs and gurneys. Chris didn't bother to hide the fact that he had been tugging his cock to limber up when I walked in the door. Smiling boyishly, he waggled his big, black shaft at me and asked me if I'd give him a blow-job.

Now, I love sucking cock, so I was more than happy to oblige, pulling his trousers down over his hips and licking my lips. His big, black veiny cock with its purple shiny helmet looked so tempting that I went down on my knees and sucked it between my hungry lips.

My tongue licked around the edge of his bulging head, and I lapped his sticky wet pre-come, enjoying the taste on my tongue. His meat was thick and long and I was forced to tilt my head back as he pushed his shaft down the back of my throat. Gagging as his thick head worked back and forth inside my mouth, I began to concentrate on breathing through my nose as I serviced him orally.

I could feel his heavy balls tighten as I cupped them in my hands and I thought that he would shoot his cream down my throat. But this was not the plan, and with a loud pop, Chris pulled his bulbous knob from between my lips and yanked me up from the floor.

Grinning like a wolf, he roughly unfastened the poppers on the front of my uniform and began to jiggle my tits. Tugging them free of my bra he

> "He pressed his fingers hard against my mound and roughly frigged me..."

leaned forward and suckled on my nips, making me dance on the spot as totally electric sensations pulsed through my snatch.

"Are you wet?" he asked, glancing down towards my crotch. I nodded, feeling my moist pussy dampening my panty gusset as he jerked my skirt up. He pressed his fingers hard against my mound and roughly frigged me, the friction caused by the damp cotton fabric making my pussy feel incredibly hot.

Backing me up against a rickety trolley, he tugged my tights and panties down around my knees, pushed his knob inside my juicy hole and began to bang me hard. His thick shaft felt fucking amazing as it sawed in and out of my hot pussy.

I was wired as I came, my hands clawing at his chest as he slammed in and out, riding me roughly until he emptied his hot come inside my clenching cunt.

SARAH, GLASGOW

I am a student nurse and, although I enjoy my new career, I am beginning to miss going out on weekends, getting half-cut and generally having a good time. Since I started my course at the hospital, it's been hard work and I hate the long shifts and having little or no social life.

The doctors here are also dead boring and old, and as you'd expect, the patients are sick or incapacitated, so short of becoming a lesbian it looked like I was doomed to become celibate for the foreseeable future. It wasn't until last week, when a new doctor arrived, that things started to look up. Dr Walker is fucking gorgeous, and the moment I laid eyes on him I made the decision that I was going to have him.

The only questions were how and when. Dr Walker's tall and slim, with an athletic body, short, gelled black hair, and a wicked, sexy smile. His first day on the ward I noticed him looking at me, and I just stared back and allowed a little smile to play across my lips. After that he singled me out, requesting Sister to allow me to accompany him on his rounds.

He hadn't made any move to get into my knickers by the end of the week, so I decided to take matters into my own hands. I found out that he had arranged to go for a drink with the prissy old bitch in reception and luckily I had finished my shift early that day.

By the time they arrived I was already sat at the bar drinking a vodka and coke. She was hanging onto him like a leech, looking into his eyes like he was some kind of guru. When he saw me, he smiled, and I scooped a lump of ice from my drink, and sucked it into my mouth suggestively before allowing it to slide out and fall between my cleavage.

His eyes were now firmly on my tits, and surprisingly his girlfriend was too starry-eyed to notice him eyeing me up. I gave a small nod towards the toilets.

I made for the disabled loo and stepped inside, leaving the door slightly ajar. When he entered and closed the door. I leaned up against the wall, looking at him as I rested a foot on the toilet seat and raised my skirt, exposing my shaved pussy.

He locked the door and unzipped, taking out a thick meaty cock. Then, dropping to his knees he started licking my pouting pussy lips. I shuddered and grabbed the handrail as he flicked his tongue across my clit, then licked the length of my pussy. I was so completely fucking ready for this, and when he drove his fingers into my drenched slot I came hard, biting my lip to keep from screaming.

With pussy juice running down my thighs, Dr Walker nudged my legs apart and pushed his bell-end up between my pussy lips. He grunted as he rammed his cock deep inside my aching hole and began to pump hard. My pussy convulsed and gripped his

shaft as he hammered my box to the max.

I felt his body stiffen as he flooded my cunt with his come, sending me on a trip to fucking ecstasy.

MICHELLE, TOWN WITHHELD

I enjoy my job as a student nurse. In these days of equal opportunity employment there are plenty of male nurses to keep us girls amused both on and off duty.

I have been dating Melvin for the past couple of months. He is a qualified staff nurse and his intimate knowledge of female anatomy has led to some fun sessions between the sheets! It's not all that easy to get a private moment alone at the nurses' hostel, but Mel and I often manage to find ourselves a quiet place for a quick shag.

For my birthday at the end of last year some of the nurses gave me a huge black dildo. I pretended to be shocked when I saw it, but I was soon laughing at the many vulgar suggestions the girls made. It was a really fun gift and during my break I phoned Mel and arranged to meet him in the laundry room at the hostel later on that day.

For the rest of my shift I couldn't take my mind off the big rubber phallus I'd stowed away in my locker. So, when I got off duty I collected my present, hurried back to the dorm and re-opened the packaging. The thing had a massive eight inch shaft, a big round head, and a rubber suction cup at the base.

I texted Melvin to let him know I was ready. Then, grabbing my laundry bag, I headed to the communal laundry room in the basement. Picking a machine at the furthest end of the empty room I loaded the drum with my stuff.

I dampened the suction cup and stuck the rubber cock onto the side of the washing machine. It stood out proudly, looking wonderfully inviting and lifelike. Giggling, I hiked up the skirt of my uniform, and, kicking off my white regulation shoes, I pulled off my panties and tights.

I set the washing machine to the spin cycle, lifted myself up on tip-toes and slowly lowered my moist pussy down onto the bulbous rubber head. My eyes watered as it pushed between my pussy lips and filled my tight, aching slot. Pressing the start button on the machine, I felt the first vibrations work their way through the rubber shaft, and I spread my legs wide to help me keep my balance.

As the washing machine began to pick up speed, the thick rubber dick began to shake violently, making my pussy become wetter and more sensitive. Melvin came up behind me and, showing no real surprise at my antics, began caressing my breasts and sticking his tongue in my ear. I was on a definite high as Mel dropped his jeans and rubbed his knob-end up

the crack of my arse.

Just as the cycle went into high spin mode, he held my hips and nudged his helmet against my anus. The vibrations made his entry easier as he thrust upwards, packing my rectum inch by inch until he was balls-deep inside my arse.

The whole washing machine was shaking and vibrating as the two cocks worked inside me, sending me into the most Earth-shattering climax. Mel held me in place as I peaked again and again, my pussy juice washing over the dildo as the spinning drum shook it inside my throbbing cunt. I was squealing as I thrust myself up and down on the rubber shaft while being fully plugged from behind.

Then with one last thrust, Mel finally came, filling my throbbing arsehole with his thick, creamy spunk. And as I felt him flood my arsehole, my climax hit me and I came like never before as wave after wave of orgasm jolted through both my well-fucked holes. As the washing machine ground to a stop, Mel withdrew his sticky cock and helped me climb off the dildo. He had to; my legs were shaking!

LIZ, TOWN WITHHELD

Not long ago I was on night duty at around 3am I finished my rounds and returned to the nurses station where I met up with Kate, the other nurse that was working the night shift.

Kate and I had become friends and often worked the night shift together. There was a definite kind of chemistry between us, but up to this point we had done nothing about it. Well, that night I smiled at her as I sat down and our eyes just locked. For a moment we stayed like that, our smiles slowly relaxing and our eyes searching, communicating without words.

Finally, Kate reached for my hand and gently squeezed it. Without saying anything she pulled me to my feet and led me to a vacant room. Leaving the lights off, Kate pushed me against the wall and pressed her mouth over mine.

My hands caressed her DDs through her uniform, squeezing them urgently as my lips parted and she thrust her tongue inside my mouth, kissing me hungrily. Her long nimble fingers explored me just as urgently, and before long buttons were undone, dresses opened, and panty gussets rubbed until we were both of us trembling and weak at the knees.

"Get up on the trolley," I urged, and as she did so I climbed on top of her. Pulling her skirt up onto her belly I pushed my nose into the gusset of her panties. They were wet and I caught a slight whiff of her musky essence as I began sucking hard on her damp gusset.

Kate's hands caressed my head as she held me to her. Pulling her gusset aside, I delved my tongue between her soft pubic curls as my mouth found the wet folds of her labia. Latching my lips onto them, I sucked hard while my tongue licked and probed her wet, pink depths.

The tip of my tongue sought out her clit and sucked it. Kate squirmed under me as I pushed two fingers into her gaping wet gash while I flicked my tongue wildly over her clit. With a moan of pleasure, Kate's back arched, and she stiffened as she pushed her crotch against my face. Her cunt muscles contorted around my digits and she climaxed, her juices sprinkling my mouth and my chin.

When her pussy muscles relaxed, she pulled my hips forward and slithered down the bed until her face was just under my crotch. She was an oral expert and what her tongue did as it teased its way between my pussy-lips, I really can't describe. I heard her mutter something about being quiet before I even realised that I had been getting a little too vocal. As her tongue began to flick across my twitching clit I finally came. Kate's mouth worked softly on my pussy after that, gently flicking her tongue on my tingling folds and clit until I regained my composure.

We giggled at the state of each other. As we left the room, I had to pull the hem of Kate's skirt out of the back of her panties. We both giggled and hurried back to the nurses' station before we were missed.

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MAYFAIR LETTERS

INNER CLITTY

When I moved to London, I promised my old folks that I'd make time to visit. But whilst I don't mind spending weekends with them mooching around the garden centre, what I really, intensely dislike is the train journey up there. The minute I clap eyes on Euston station I feel queasy, knowing I'll shortly be a prisoner, stuck on a slow-moving hunk of metal. So it was with a heavy heart that I recently boarded the Birmingham 'express'.

You can't imagine how dismayed I was to step into the usually empty First Class compartments, only to find them heaving with people who apparently shared my bright idea of buying an upgrade. Consequently, it took three carriages to locate an empty space. Cursing under my breath, I merely pulled out my magazine and prepared to try and ignore the world.

I'd gotten about half a page in when I became aware of eyes watching me intently. Then came a series of giggles, followed by some incomprehensible whispers. I looked up to see a trio of hotties, aged around 19 and all wearing denim minis and wispy camisole vests. The brunette to my right spoke first, her accent thickly French. "We theeenk," she purred, gently touching my arm, "you are, very 'andsome and would like verrry much to 'elp you pass the time on this journey."

I literally felt my jaw drop open and, for a few seconds, I waited for the cruel put-down that would prove my suspicions that these gals were merely having some fun at my expense. But no such response came; they all simply leaned further towards me and fixed me with expectant smiles. "Wh-what did you, erm, have in erm, mind then?" I stammered, my face burning

> "She then took my dick in her fist and began kneading her hand up and down, forcing my meat to stand even prouder."

and my cock instinctively starting to twitch in my jeans.

"Well, eet's a beet crowded," the blonde one replied, "but in five minutes we reach the next station and then we will 'ave more privacy to play." And to demonstrate exactly what she meant, she pushed her leg up under the table and started to rub my groin with her bare foot.

Unsurprisingly, Mr Twitchy became Mr Fucking Huge Boner at that point, making five minutes feel like an eternity. Suddenly I didn't care that I hadn't had a complimentary sandwich, or that the twats behind us were using their mobiles in a 'quiet zone', all I could focus on was the electrical sensations shooting down my engorged shaft into my balls.

Fortunately, as soon as the train doors had opened, almost emptying the carriage, the luscious lovelies sprang into proper action. Blondie disappeared under the table and expertly unleashed my beast, letting out a coo of delight at how hard I was. She then took my dick in her fist and began kneading her hand up and down, forcing my meat to stand even prouder.

I grabbed my armrests, trying not to cry out at the ecstasy of her tugs. I was hugely turned on, yet terrified that someone in the carriage might twig what was happening. Particularly when Blondie retreated, and the brunette took her place, popping my cock into her glossy mouth. My eyes darted round in panic, fears of indecent exposure charges racing round my head. But of course nobody around us gave two hoots.

Looking at my lap, the brunette could have been bobbing for apples her head was moving up and down so rapidly. It was completely surreal. Although I could feel the exquisite touch of her tongue and the light graze of her teeth when the back of her throat met my engorged helmet, I still couldn't believe that I'd got a complete stranger slurping on my dick. I mean, I'd done this journey loads of times before and the most exciting thing that had ever happened was simultaneously getting two varieties of free biscuits and the train having no delays. No wonder I spurted so hard it sent her head jolting back!

Expecting that to be the end of my encounter, I shoved my still-dribbling member back into my boxers. "What are you doing?" asked the brunette, licking the last creamy drops of spunk from her lips. "You haven't met my seester yet."

And boy, what a sister she was! Legs up to her armpits and a cleavage you could have parked your motor in. As she wriggled out of her seat, flashing her crotch, I could see her pubes poking out of her tiny knickers. It was enough to set my dick quivering again and I followed her like a puppy as she strode down the aisle towards the toilet.

Once inside, those silky pants were on the floor and she was bending over, her hands on her knees and her naked arse wiggling. I dropped down beside her and began to lick her bottom, pushing my tongue through her legs to tickle her furry labia. "Non, non, non!" she shrieked, pulling her cheeks apart, "I want you to fuck me here. In my derrière!"

Happy to oblige, I skewered her sphincter with one sharp movement, then slowly built up the momentum of my thrusts in time with the moving train. Harder and harder I speared that luscious peach, gripping her breasts tightly to prevent her from falling, while she frigged her clit. Her throaty little moans told me she was loving it just as much as I was, and we quickly reached a shuddering climax as I pulled out of her arse and, taking my cock in my hand, sprayed my thick spunk over her plump bum cheeks.

Sadly, we pulled into New Street only minutes later, and I never even managed to get the girls' numbers. But I did find those panties in my jacket pocket, much to my Dad's amusement at dinner that evening.

James, London.

HOLE IN ONE

My wife, Angela, and I have what I think is the greatest relationship in the world. We love and respect each other, and both feel secure in our relationship. This allows us to explore some fantasies that other less secure couples might have a bit of a hard time with.

Angela is hot stuff. She really is. She has long black hair, brooding brown eyes and a deceptively angelic face. She is slim and fit, with a great arse and DD cup titties. We are both in our mid-20s and have experimented successfully with threesomes in the past.

Some of our greatest sexual experiences have come during the times when Angela has allowed me to watch her have sex with other men and women. She has seduced two of my best friends (separately) while I watched, and has even fucked around with a few other women in front of me.

I have to admit, I love the fact that she can be the biggest slut in the

world. She has even given some guy a blow-job while I was away on a business trip up North. She told me all about it when I got home, and it led to one of the best sex sessions of my entire life.

Just the thought of her tongue making contact with another man's cock really gets me off. In fact, one of my biggest fantasies has always been to watch her pleasure and be pleased by two other men at the same time. And because she knows that, she set out to make it happen.

As a rule we like to play away from home. Every year we go on a golfing holiday to Portugal before the weather there gets too hot. On our first morning there last year, Angela decided to come along in the golf buggy and watch while I played a round.

When we got to the golf course it was pretty quiet, but I managed to arrange a game with two other blokes. They were in their early 20s and pretty good-looking, so Angela was pleased with the arrangement.

They introduced themselves as Jake and Matt, and the three of us teed off. After the first couple of holes Angela started to flirt with the lads and the rest of the round was a free for all of sexual banter, flirting and even a little tit-flashing from my wife. By the 18th hole the boys were openly feeling Angela up and I could see from her flushed complexion that she was more than ready to make my fantasy come true.

On the way back to the club-house, she covertly encouraged me to reach into her panties to feel how wet she was. That's when she told me she had arranged for the two guys to meet us back at the hotel.

Without bothering to shower or change they followed us back there. They didn't waste any time either. As soon as the door closed behind them, Jake began removing Angela's dress, and as she wasn't wearing a bra, she was soon standing in front of them sporting nothing but a white thong.

Grinning, she sank to her knees and reached up to unzip Jake's golf shorts. Matt was stripping and I could see a large bulge inside his boxers. Meanwhile, Angela pulled off Jake's shorts and underwear, and his cock sprung up, bobbing in front of her face. She commenced stroking his cock with her left hand while she licked the underside of his balls.

Almost simultaneously, her right hand moved to Matt's rampant erection. For the next 10 minutes, Angela was on her knees, switching her attention from cock to cock, while the men played with her tits, rubbing her soft flesh and tweaking her erect nipples.

Jake's penis was of average length and pretty thick, but Matt's was by far the largest I had ever seen. Watching my wife sucking these two men was the most erotic thing I had ever experienced, and I was soon naked from the waist down, rubbing my own cock.

Finally, Jake lifted her up off her knees and bent her over the bed face first. He took off her panties, spread her arse cheeks, and got down between her legs, licking her all the way from her clit to her anus. Matt positioned himself in front of her and put his huge cock back in her mouth. Angela's gorgeous body immediately began to convulse as she had a crashing orgasm on Jake's tongue.

He then put the tip of his cock up against her pussy and, holding her hips, slipped his boner inside of her. Matt's cock was steadily pumping in and out of her mouth, and I watched Jake starting to tense up as he pulled out of my Angela's pussy hurriedly, splashing his spunk all over her plump arse.

Angela stood up and asked Matt to get on the bed while she sat on his big cock. Straddling his thighs, she lowered herself onto his rod. Because of its size she moved hesitantly, but by now she was so wet that she didn't have a problem taking his full length. Soon she was bouncing up and down on his weapon, tossing her hair back and moaning loudly with satisfaction as she came.

Well satisfied, Angela slid off of his cock, and once again took it between her glossy lips. Matt plunged his tool into her mouth three or four times more before he sprayed the back of her throat with come. I was so aroused watching him come off in my wife's mouth that I started coming where I stood.

Matt yanked his cock out of her mouth and continued to jerk himself off all over her face and tits.

The lads stayed around for a few more hours and both of them fucked her again, and this time I abandoned my role as a spectator and got in on the action.

Angela and I both enjoyed ourselves so much that we plan on meeting the guys there later this year, and they have even promised to bring along another friend. Frankly, I can't wait!

Michael, Kent.

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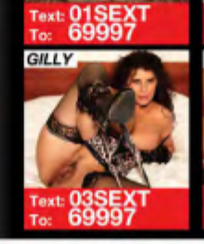

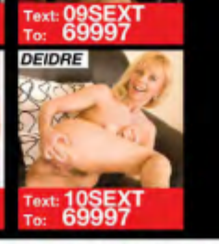

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PRP16

DIRTY MOVIE

Whilst I really love my girlfriend, one of the things that irritates me like crazy about her is her awful taste in films. We can nip down to the local video shop and we'll still be in there hours later, squabbling over whether Orlando Bloom flapping about like a girl is really going to be better than the latest high-octane action fest. I know it's fashionable to be in touch with your feminine side – all that 'metrosexuality' and stuff they write about in Cosmo' – but quite frankly, I'd rather have my fingernails ripped out than learn the secrets of *Bridget Jones' Diary*, even if Renée Zellweger's big pants are rather a turn on.

So, naturally, when I picked up my beloved from the office the other night, and she suggested a romantic dinner at the local bistro, followed by a trip to the flicks, I was apprehensive to say the least. But Amy being Amy, she soon had me eating out of the palm of her hand. All it took was that sexy little smile of hers, where she bites her bottom lip and turns up the corners of her mouth, head tilted and eyes smouldering. I know that expression is her own personal atom bomb, capable of crushing any form of resistance, yet I fall for it every time. In fact, it's such a successful manoeuvre that my cock always springs to life when she does it, pushing insistently at my jeans.

On this occasion, Mr Penis was so responsive that I couldn't think of anything other than ripping off Amy's knickers and burying myself in her juicy mound. My cock was definitely running my brain, and I even let her choose the wine in the restaurant – something I'd vowed never to do again after she'd picked one too many expensive disasters. And boy did she know it, the little prick tease! Within seconds of sitting down she'd kicked off her stilettos and was running a stockinged foot up the my leg. "Ooh!" she exclaimed, when her toes hit wood. "Someone's happy to see me!"

I just grinned weakly, imagining her teasing my manhood with her mouth, completely naked and showing off her incredible body. As if reading my mind, Amy fed the fantasy, suggestively sucking on breadsticks and twirling them in and out of her caramel-glossed lips.

Unfortunately, my carnal daydreams came crashing to an abrupt halt when we arrived at the multiplex and I heard Amy's voice say: "Two tickets for *Pride & Prejudice*, please." Standing there crestfallen, contemplating the hell of Keira Knightley's flat chest and all that Jane Austen namby-pamby nonsense, I didn't so much want to fuck now as cry. "But I thought we could see Guy Ritchie's *Revolver* while it's still on," I blurted. "I mean you did make me sit through *Troy* last weekend so you could ogle Brad Pitt, when I wanted to watch the football…"

Amy didn't say a word. She just shrugged and marched off to find seats in an otherwise empty back row, leaving me with the popcorn and drinks. Consequently, I bristled throughout the film's first third, despite the dialogue turning out to be surprisingly sharp and witty. Then something completely unexpected happened.

Chilled by the excessive air conditioning, I'd just pulled my coat down from the back of my chair onto my knees when I felt a tug on my trouser flies. Amy was still facing forward, apparently engrossed in the on-screen antics, but her slender hand was out for action. My passion re-ignited, I slowly pulled out my engorged cock, trying not to attract too much attention. Her fingers grabbed it firmly, yanking my foreskin backwards and forwards. I jumped with pleasure as my gonads tightened in preparation for my sticky release. The now ice-filled coke cup fell onto the floor, and I saw a flash of delighted inspiration in Amy's bright celluloid-lit eyes.

Reaching down, she scooped up a couple of melting cubes and I looked at her with horror, believing for a second that my almost spurting dick was going to get the closest equivalent to a cold shower. Instead, she popped them into my palm and, pulling my coat across her legs as well, inched up her skirt and spread her thighs wide.

I'm not the quickest of guys, but it didn't take a genius to guess what she wanted at that point, and I happily obliged. Pushing the cubes into her already soppy pussy, I began circling three fingers in and out, with my eyes focused on the screen, just like hers were.

Amy's never missed a film's finale for anyone and I didn't believe she'd want to change her habits for me. But amazingly, we'd just got to the crucial 'Darcy emerging from the mist' scene and she hissed in my ear: "Let's go out to the emergency exit, I really want you inside me!"

Normally I hate even using those stairwells to leave – they always stink of urine. Funnily enough, though, the only thing I could smell that night was Amy's perfume and the musky scent of her pussy juice. I lifted her up and propped her against the wall so I could slip my cock into her slippery pussy.

The feeling of her hot pussy around my throbbing meat was beyond exquisite, and I gasped out loud. With my cock already worked up from the wank Amy had given me, it didn't take long before we were both shuddering in orgasm, my cock exploding and sending sticky come running down Amy's trembling legs. At that moment I didn't care if I had to watch a lifetime of chick flicks, just so long as I'd get to play with Amy's pussy afterwards. The trouble was, because she'd missed half the film, we're back off to see *Pride and Prejudice* again tomorrow night. Looks like I'll have to get extra ice in my coke!

Craig, Manchester.

QUEST

Sex and shopping seem to go hand in hand, and this month's Quest girls take it a lot further than that!

MANDY, NEWBURY

I have been working behind the counter at a top department store since leaving school last year. It's a great job and, as well as being allowed to take home some samples, I also get a staff discount. I sell make-up and perfumes, and with the help of some of the older girls I have learned to put these products to good use.

I am daft about one of the security guards who patrols the floor that I work on, and we have been going out for the past couple of months. He is two years older than me, has rock hard muscles and is the best lover in the world. Security can sometimes be a risky job, but Brian has nerves of steel and enjoys any excitement we have in the store, even if he's having to eject someone bigger than him or a guy who might have a knife.

One of the things that turns him on most is having sex in places where the possibility of being disturbed is fairly high. He gets off on the risk of being caught, and I have to say that sometimes the places he chooses gets my adrenaline pumping, too.

Take last week for instance. I was on my morning break and Brian slipped me the key of the floor manager's office, asking me to go there, strip off and wait for him. The floor manager was attending a senior staff meeting and wasn't expected back until after lunch. The thought of having sex in my boss's office really scared me, but at the same time the whole idea of doing something so preposterously reckless made me extra-specially randy.

> "I moaned as I felt his hard cock throbbing against my thigh."

With my heart thumping, I did as he asked, carefully locking the door of my manager's office behind me. A couple of minutes later I heard Brian telling me to open up, and, stepping inside the door, he kissed me forcefully and lowered my body to the floor. I had not had time to fully undress and he unbuttoned my blouse and removed it, pushing my breasts out of my bra cups. His knees shoved my legs apart as he hungrily licked and sucked on my swollen nipples.

I moaned as I felt his hard cock throbbing against my thigh. I was so aroused that I allowed him to pull my gusset aside without any further preliminaries and dip two fingers inside my moistening pussy. Then, taking his mouth away from my erect nipples, he slid his fingers back and forth inside me.

My pussy rode his hand as Brian worked his mouth lower down my body. At last, withdrawing his fingers, he slowly licked my pussy lips and took his cock out of his boxers. His cock-head pressed against my swollen pink entrance, and pressing me down into the carpet with his bodyweight, he entered me.

He wrapped his hands in my hair as he took quick jabs at my pussy, and he nibbled my neck as he fucked me, making me squeal as he ravished my willing box. Impassioned and aroused almost beyond endurance, I begged him to fuck me harder, and he did, his long stiff cock pounding my pussy as he shagged me towards climax.

I felt my whole body shake as he unloaded his thick spunk deep inside me and I felt myself go weak as wave upon wave of orgasmic bliss rolled through me. As the intensity of my orgasm died away I felt my pussy contract around his shaft, instinctively milking him of every drop of his sticky seed.

Brian smiled and stood up, zipping his trousers. He walked to the door and left, as I sat still on the floor not caring if the boss came back early or not, still glowing from the excitement of our impromptu and very illicit fuck.

GINNY, AYLESBURY

I work as a sales assistant in a high street shoe shop. My husband and I have been married for two years and, although we are committed to one another, we're not ready to settle down and have kids just yet. We both have very high sex drives and luckily we understand one another's needs.

Some people think the way Mike swaggers around making no bones about the fact that he's a real stud is obnoxious. But I love him to advertise the fact and I take every opportunity to lower my panties for him. We both work in the city centre and luckily our places of employment are within a short walking distance from one another.

This means that if either of us can arrange a few spare minutes we can skive off and have a sneaky shag.

Last week things were slow in the shop and my boss, Jean, asked me if I wanted to take some time off to look around the shops. We often cover for one another like this, making up the time by working late on the days when the shop gets busy towards closing time.

I walked the short distance to the financial services building where Mike works, aware of several pairs of eyes on me as I strode across the marble flooring of the entrance lobby in my short black skirt and fuck-me heels. Wiggling my arse for effect, I moved on down the hall to the bottom of the service stairs, where nobody could see me, and speed-dialled Mike's mobile. Flicking the phone into video mode, I pushed my skirt up, directing the camera towards my crotch as I started to climb the stairs. Slipping a finger between my love petals, I held them apart so Mike could get a good view of what was in store for him.

Not many people in the building

use the service stairs as there are six lifts, and as every sound carries in the stairwell I felt fairly sure I would not be caught baring my fanny as I climbed upwards. As I neared the second floor I closed the phone, severing the connection, and waited for Mike to call back. He did so immediately, and I could tell that he was alone by the desperate way he asked me where the fuck I was.

"Close," I murmured, smiling to myself as I opened the door to the second floor corridor and moved swiftly to the handicapped toilet.

Stepping inside, I told him where to find me, teasing him further by telling him that I had come out to work that morning without panties. Mike was almost frantic by the time he pushed open the door. Without a word he locked us inside. Then he flipped down the lid of the toilet and sat down on it, freeing his cock from his trousers and wriggled backwards to straddle him.

My hands eagerly stroked his meat pole as I aligned it with my pussy and slid down on its length. It felt so fabulous being fully impaled by his rock-hard appendage, especially as Mike is built like a stallion. Our hips rocked in unison as he fucked me, the friction from his thick shaft stimulating my pussy until I was climaxing hard and repeatedly.

Mike continued pumping my slot, his large penis as yet unsatisfied. Bouncing me up and down on his lap while his hands clasped my waist, his penis stretched my vaginal muscles to their max. Finally, he paused and gave two hard thrusts, filling me with his white hot come as his balls slapped against me.

When I got back to work everyone asked if it had been raining; I'd been sweating so much that my hair was all stuck to my cheeks and my neck.

HEATHER, BIRMINGHAM

I work in the lingerie section of a department store. I had been working there for only a month when I met my current boyfriend Jonathan. Jonathan had been making an appearance around the lingerie section on and off for a couple of days and the other girls had him pegged as a closet transvestite trying to work up the courage to buy something.

I had thought it funny at the time and laughed along with the others until he approached the counter one day and asked to see a particularly pretty ivory lace panty and bra set. I spread them out on the counter and asked him if he knew what size he was looking for.

Shaking his head he said that he wasn't sure, but he thought I had a very neat figure and that he was looking for something in my size. I knew then that he wasn't looking to buy for himself, as he was at least six foot and fairly muscular. I brought out several more items for him to see, and he asked me which I preferred. Without hesitating I chose a pretty black and gold lace bra with matching g-string panties. He fingered the delicate lace, and, handing me his credit card, asked me to gift-wrap them.

That evening when I was leaving, Jonathan was waiting outside for me. I was surprised to see him there, and asked if the girl had appreciated his gift. "I hope so," he said, handing me the gift-wrapped box.

I couldn't help smiling at him. He was very sexy and I had been oddly jealous of the unknown woman he had been buying the fancy frillies for. We went for a drink at a nearby pub and then he asked me back to his place. He had a really posh pad, and Jonathan proved to be a smooth operator, because before I knew it I had my kit off and was modelling the bra and panties set just for him.

I lay along his black leather sofa, caressing my skin as his fingers eased my breasts from their lacy cups. Dripping some ice-cold wine over my nipples he lapped it up, sending lustful shivers through my body.

Moving lower, he dribbled the cold liquid over my smoothly shaven mound, making every nerve ending in my pussy jangle with increasing need. Stripping slowly, he gave me time to appreciate his manhood as he released his massive erection. Then, easing his engorged cock-head inside my pussy, he began to make love to me, employing long full strokes, his shaft filling me and making my whole vulva spasm as a mind-numbing climax blasted through my crotch.

He continued to pleasure me, his large penis driving back and forth powered by his muscular body. Again and again he brought me to orgasm until with one mighty thrust he came inside me, flooding my pussy with his thick, creamy spunk.

ALISON, TOWN WITHHELD

I have always enjoyed sports, so it seemed like a good move to take a job at my local sports store. I love my job, not least since it was where I met Wendy, who works there too. In fact, Wendy is the best thing about the job. Ever since I first met her I have felt very attracted to her and I really enjoy her company.

We are both enthusiastic about our work, and enjoy meeting and making friends with customers who share our interests. Sometimes we double date with some guys, but mostly we like to play with one another.

It all started the night when I slept over at Wendy's flat. Her flatmate was away and she was feeling a little low, so I agreed to stay the night.

We were lying on her bed wearing only T-shirts and panties when it happened. We had talked ourselves out and were laying back in silence. I moved the back of my hand on the pillow because my elbow was a bit twisted, and Wendy misinterpreted the movement as an attempt to catch her hand. Instead she caught mine, and I

responded immediately, drawing her close so she was lying in my arms. I felt the softness of her lips close on mine and opened my mouth, quite shamelessly inviting her tongue. Our tongues met and entwined as we started moving together passionately on her bed.

Wendy's body was thrusting against mine as she repositioned herself on top of me. Her knee pressed between my legs, nudging against my crotch

> "Stroking my finger along her pale pink crevice I pushed my fingertips between her moistened labia."

and making me buck my hips up against it. Bending my own knee, I rubbed it against her pussy, returning the favour. Our mouths were moving frantically against each other now, and Wendy's hand closed over my breast and I arched up to meet her.

Her touch created sensations that I'd never felt with another person, and I wanted it to last forever. Her breasts were large and super-soft, and I loved stroking them with both my hands and pinching her nipples, watching them grow big and hard.

She put both hands down inside the front of my panties, finding my pussy-lips and parting them. Slipping two fingers between my pulsing labia, she moved another to my clit, stroking my sensitive bud. As she manipulated my pulsing clitoris and worked her fingers inside me I began pumping my hips. It wasn't long before I felt the pressure really build inside of me and I pushed frantically against her digits.

This nudged me over the edge and my pussy contracted and spasmed in the throes of orgasm. It took me some time to recover, but once I had, my hands went into action, determined to reciprocate. I moved down Wendy's stomach, caressing her smooth skin as my fingertips traced the soft contours of her lovely body, dipping into her bellybutton for a moment before moving down to her pussy.

Stroking my finger along her pale pink crevice I pushed my fingertips between her moistened labia. My invading fingers slipped easily inside her, and I worked them back and forth, seeking out her g-spot. Sawing my fingers in and out, I worked up a rhythm and was rewarded as I felt her orgasm building.

Moving my lips down her body I tongued her glossy pussy lips, lapping slowly up and down her pussy slit as I tasted her sticky sweetness. Then, parting the protective fleshy hood from around her clit I teased her hard little nub with my tongue and lips, sucking and licking all around it until Wendy let out a soft moan and began pressing forward with her hips.

I moved my hands over her buttocks and pulled her pelvis closer to my mouth. Moving my tongue up and

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down her slit, I pushed my tongue as far inside her as I could and begun to tongue-fuck her delectable pussy. Wendy's hips rose up to meet each thrust of my tongue, which was, of course, too short to fully satisfy her. So I waited until she was loudly begging for release, then I flicked my tongue across her clit a few times with smouldering deliberation, allowing her to climax.

As she came I sucked her clit into my mouth and held on until the trembling of her orgasm subsided. When I removed my tongue from her pussy, Wendy collapsed on top of me and gave me the best snog of my life.

ANDREA, DERBY

Working in soft furnishings may not be the world's most glamorous job, but from time to time I do meet some fairly interesting people. My friends think I'm mad and that it's a dead end job with little or no prospects, but on the whole I like it and hope to become a buyer one day. In fact, a couple of weeks ago this rich bloke came to the shop and bought a shit-load of furniture for his new house. I was gleefully totting up my commission in my head when he told me he was long since divorced, hadn't a clue about domestic layouts, and offered to pay me extra to come over to his place and help him arrange the new furnishings.

Of course I jumped at the offer, and he arranged for a taxi to pick me up after work. It was waiting outside the shop when I came out, and I was seriously impressed when it finally set me down outside a beautiful period house in a quiet, wealthy suburb. I was admiring the architecture when Ken, the owner, came out of the front door and down the steps to greet me and escorted me inside.

Instead of getting straight down to business, however, he offered me a drink and, when I looked around, I noted that the furniture had already been perfectly placed. It didn't take much to realise that I had been deceived and that Ken had not actually set out to employ me, but rather to seduce me.

The truth was that I didn't care. He was handsome and I was attracted to him. After we'd shared a bottle of the best wine I have ever sampled I began to relax, and when he suggested that we get cosy on the floor near the hearth I was ready, damp and willing.

We undressed in the warm glow of the fire and I was flattered when I saw Ken already had a raging hard on. His hands touched me gently at first but they moved with more urgency as his passion ignited.

Taking his straining penis in my hand, I guided it to my pussy, and with a quiver of desire I felt him push his big dick deep inside my pulsing vagina. He was lean and fit and he rode me with an intensity that made my clitoris tingle as he drove his shaft deep inside me.

Rolling me onto my back he pounded my pussy until I was climaxing repeatedly, my pussy lips gripping his rigid shaft as one orgasm overlapped the last. Withdrawing his cock he flipped me over, and, pulling my arse cheeks apart, he thrust his rampant member straight back inside my box, reaming my pussy from behind.

I was in a state of ecstasy as he drove me over the top once again, his rigid pole sawing back and forth. Finally, with one final thrust he shot his load, emptying his balls inside my quivering pussy, simultaneously reaching forward and pinching my nipples hard.

We made love twice more that night, and unsurprisingly I was late for work the following morning. It was worth it!

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MAYFAIR LETTERS

WHO'S THE BOSS?

I'd like to tell you about the best sex I've ever had. It happened just a week ago when my boyfriend Alan went off on a two week break to Florida with his mates. Telling me he needed a well-earned rest, and leaving me with a load of his dirty washing to do, he headed off without even asking if I would be okay.

At first I was fuming, but after four days with no sex, my pussy was beginning to feel neglected and I started to really miss him. No matter how I tried, I couldn't get the thought of his thick cock out of my mind. The more I tried to think about other things the hotter I got, and I suppose that's the only excuse that I can come up with for what I let happen.

Having nothing but an empty flat to go home to after work, I agreed to stay on to type up some reports for my boss. It was boring stuff, but I had the idea that I would use the extra cash I earned to put towards a sunny holiday with my own friends later in the year. Then Alan would see what it was like to be left alone!

The rest of the staff had gone home and the only other person that was still working was my boss, Keith, in his office down the far end of the main corridor. I was finished quicker than I expected, and, dreading the thought of another long night home alone, with no-one about, I began to idly rub my hand against my pussy.

Before I thought it out, I had closed my eyes and was daydreaming about fucking Alan's best mate Rob for revenge. I pushed my skirt up and pulled my gusset aside, digging my fingers inside my soaking slot. It felt like so long since I had last come that I became totally absorbed in the fantasy and forgot my surroundings.

No wonder that I very nearly jumped out of my chair in fright when I heard Keith clearing his throat. I thought that this was the end of my job, and my mind raced as I thought of the sniggers and snide remarks I'd get from my work-mates when they heard that I'd been caught masturbating by the boss.

Opening my eyes, I realised that Keith was neither shocked nor angry. In fact, the dirty old git was rubbing his groin and cheerfully asked me if there was anything he could help me with. That's when I lost it altogether and began tugging at his belt. Shit, if Alan chose to go off with his mates and leave me home with a hungry pussy, well I was going to have to feed it with my boss's meat!

Keith quickly loosened his tie and shoved his slacks and underpants down. What amazed me was the size of his cock. It was bigger and thicker than Alan's, with a lovely shiny helmet. I'd never have imagined he'd have a package like that in a million years.

I felt my pussy muscles contract and my mouth drool at the sight of it. Fuck, I just wanted this bloke to stick it in and show me a good time. It was

all such a rush. It felt so wrong to be having sex at work, let alone with my boss. But it was being so naughty that was half the turn on, and I was so desperate to feel his cock deep inside me.

The very thought made me even hornier, and with my pussy literally throbbing by now, I squatted down and started licking the head of his cock. I knew that guys enjoy watching girls giving head so I made a really sexy show of it, looking up for his approval from time to time.

And he fucking loved it, standing there with his legs trembling, groaning his pleasure out so loudly that if anyone had walked into the building they'd think someone was in pain.

I felt so in control, having this older man who spent Monday to Friday telling me what to do so completely in my power. It was a new feeling that I could definitely get used to!

I can give pretty good blow-jobs when I want, and I was trying to impress Keith with my talents. I started taking him into my throat, swallowing as much of his long, fat cock as I could take, revelling in the thrill of it pulsing and throbbing in my hot mouth. It suddenly hit me what I was doing, squatting down in front of my boss, my pussy wet from masturbating, as I sucked on his big dick. But I didn't care at that moment, the sensation of my tongue on his prick was making me crazy and I sucked even harder, massaging his big heavy balls as I went along.

I was so horny that my pussy was literally dripping. I wanted nothing more than for my boss to push me down onto the office floor and fuck my brains out.

> "I could feel his cock jammed between my cunt lips as I reached down to rub my clit."

As though reading my thoughts, Keith tugged his cock from between my lips. Allowing me no more than a few seconds to catch my breath, he made me stand up, bent me over with my palms on a desk, and, holding me at the waist, shoved his hard dick into me from behind.

I yelped slightly, feeling his big, thick cock penetrate me, but soon I was groaning as the gorgeous throb in my pussy took over. He was shivering and grunting as he released his load into me like an animal. I could feel his cock jammed between my cunt lips as I reached down to rub my clit. Knowing that he was filling me with his come and feeling him doing it brought me over the top. I squealed in orgasmic ecstasy as the most powerful rush I'd ever had in my life racked my body.

Karen, Essex.

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QUEST

It's all office parties, wicked presents and specials treats as the Quest girls reveal their best ever Christmas sex...

CLAUDIA, SCUNTHORPE

They say that giving is better than receiving, and I really love Christmas and giving Christmas presents. However, I think at this time of year it's always a good idea to make sure you treat yourself as well. As such, I just couldn't resist buying myself a new vibrator for Christmas.

I decided to go all out, and I was getting really turned on looking through all the different models on the website. There were so many to choose from; all shapes, colours and sizes, with various speeds, vibrations and... well, you name it, they had it. In the end I decided to go for a vibrating rabbit toy. It had various different speed and vibration settings, a knobbly shaft for extra sensations, and I was all a quiver over the next few days, waiting for it to arrive.

It finally came on Saturday morning, and I was quick to pack my boyfriend, Carl, off to the pub with his mates, so I had the place to myself. Knowing why I wanted him out of the way, he was upset not to be able to stay and join in the fun, but as I explained, this was a solo event, and he wasn't invited. It has to be the only time he's had a golden ticket to spend the afternoon down the pub, and actually walked out the door looking glum.

Anyway, I raced up the stairs and ripped the packaging off my new toy. It was every bit as spectacular as the picture on the website had shown it, and I could feel my pussy already juicing up at the sight of it. Just to prolong the tension, and to really get myself relaxed, I ran a hot bath, and soaked in the hot bubbly water, rubbing my pussy and getting myself in the mood.

When I was dry, I skipped back into the room and hopped up onto the bed. I was so excited I couldn't help but grin, and my pussy was already tingling in anticipation of what was to come. I arranged the pillows and lay back against them, undoing my thick, towelling bathrobe and spreading my legs nice and wide.

I took the toy in hand, caressing the soft rubber and turned the control at the base, setting it in motion. It buzzed softly in my hands, and immediately I move it down between my legs, pressing it softly against my clit. Oh my God! I nearly leapt off the bed, the sensation was so fantastic.

The warm vibrations sent shivers of ecstasy deep into my pussy and I could feel them rising and moving throughout my entire stomach and abdomen. I moved the toy from my clit, and enjoyed the sensation of the buzzing as I moved the head all around, pressing it over every part of my pussy. Slowly and sensuously teasing myself, I could take it no longer, and gently pushed the toy into my hole. Again the sensations were incredible, and I could take only two or three thrusts before I pressed the vibrating bunny ears hard down on my clit and came hard, my cunt throbbing and convulsing as the toy buzzed away inside me and a small trickle of juice ran down my leg onto the bed.

And that was only the start. There were still another five speed settings to try out!

LENA, LEIGHTON BUZZARD

I like to try out different techniques of satisfying and exciting my man. Christmas is a great time for giving my significant other a special sexual treat, and I like to think I did just that for my boyfriend Dennis last year.

Dennis particularly likes a foot job, so I knew that I couldn't go wrong painting my toe nails bright red and wearing some sexy fishnet tights.

We were sitting on our big comfy sofa, half watching television, when I swung my legs onto the seat and rested them on his thighs. He hands moved automatically to my soles and my toes, and he smiled broadly when I asked him to massage my feet.

Turning slightly so he was looking at me, he raised one of my feet and lifted it to his lips. Then, kissing my toes one at a time, he held my foot to his nose and sniffed. Looking down at his crotch I felt my pussy dampen when I saw his package ballooning in the front of his jeans.

The atmosphere became decidedly steamy when he parted his lips before taking my big toe into my mouth and sucking gently on it. I couldn't help moaning softly as the feel of his tongue on my sensitive toes sent shivers of electricity through me, and I closed my eyes and lay back, fingering my pussy through my fishnet tights.

Sliding my other foot across his lap, I rested it against his towering erection, and as Dennis softly sucked each of my toes in turn I moved it back and forth. Almost casually, he placed my other foot on his crotch, and, unzipping his flies, pulled his penis free.

I wasted no time in wrapping my feet around it, curling my toes as I massaged his meaty shaft with them.

With a cheeky grin Dennis held my feet in his hands and slowly began to move my soles up and down his length. Together we began working my feet up and down, easily getting into a rhythm. His knob darkened and glistened as pre-cum dribbled down the shaft and onto my feet.

Looking at my feet wanking his cock got me really hot, and my fingers ripped through the fishnet gusset of my tights. Pushing past my panties, I thrust urgently into my squelching box as my feet moved faster, bringing Dennis closer to orgasm.

I remember wave after wave of pleasure coursing through me as I peaked, while watching Dennis spray

his come. It shot up in the air, some of it spattered the cushions, but most of it landed on my feet, coating them with his thick, warm, sticky white fluid.

PATRICIA, LIVERPOOL

I am shamelessly into cock gobbling. Most of my former boyfriends got hooked on deep throating while they were dating me, and my mates tell me on the quiet that they now feel short-changed by whatever bint they are currently banging.

Over Christmas my current boyfriend went home to his parents, leaving me alone with nothing to chew on but a big box of chocolates and a new vibrator. Swigging my way through a bottle of wine, I tried watching some telly, but there was nothing on except sentimental Christmas shit. Fortunately, just as I was going to call it a day and go to bed, the phone rang.

It was Geoff, one of my ex-boyfriends; he had just bust up with his bird and he thought I might give him a sympathy blowjob. I laughed out loud at his audacity, but you know I was pretty fucked off at being left alone for Christmas, and if my own man wasn't around to feed me his ball-cream, then the hell with it. I decided I was going to give my ex a Christmas present he would never forget.

So, I agreed to drive over to Geoff's place and suck him off, on the condition that I blew him through the window of my car. That way I felt that we couldn't become too intimate, as I didn't want to become involved with him again. This was just supposed to be a bit of fun.

I parked in the driveway of his semi-detached house. Luckily there's a straggly hedge growing between his garden and the neighbours' house so we had plenty of privacy. As I killed the headlights, he sort of emerged from the shadows. I was already unbuckling my seat belt, and couldn't even see his face when he came to the car.

He was being very polite, trying, I suppose, to rekindle the rapport we used to have. He was wearing jeans, and I managed to unzip him through the car window and pull out his big cock. It felt heavy and warm in my hand, and, as I stroked it gently, it stiffened, growing harder with every pass of my fingertips.

I leaned out as far as I could and took the head of his cock into my mouth, while my hands gently stroked and held his balls. I sucked more of his length between my lips, stretching my jaw wider to take it. He pushed it deeper and I started to gag as I felt his knob pushing against my tonsils.

By now I wanted to drain that cock so badly that I got up on my knees, and leaned further out of the car window. My tits were throbbing hard at this point, and Geoff began to knead them through my clothes with one hand, while his other was still tangled in my long hair.

He released my breast, tilted my chin up and rubbed his cock all over my face, covering my cheeks with my own spit. Then he released my head and put his hands on my jaw, urging me to open my mouth wide.

With one thumb hooked into my mouth to hold it open as wide as it would go, his other hand finished jacking his cock off and he spewed come all over my face. It was at that moment that I came too. I was bloody surprised. With nothing touching my pussy at all I was climaxing! Internal spasms churned the juices in my slot, as my clit pulsed and my arse cheeks clenched.

My face was covered with globs of his jizz, flecks of it sticking to my hair as I greedily sucked his softening cock to drain every little last bit of come from him. He went inside again a much happier bloke!

JENNIFER, TELFORD

I really love Christmas and thoroughly enjoy giving and receiving presents. The only thing is that my boyfriend, Colin, is loaded and can afford the best that money can buy, so it's pointless my trying to find something special for him in the shops.

Since moving in with him six months ago, I have got to know him pretty well and have learned the secrets of how to really turn him on like no-one else before me. Like the fact that he really loves my panties. I found this out because I observed him on more than one occasion toying with my panties after I dropped them on the floor on the way into the shower.

Now it's all in the open, he's not ashamed of this proclivity, and quite often holds my discarded panties to his face and inhales my scent while I undress for bed. So, this year on Christmas Eve I wore my prettiest pair of panties, and just before bedtime I wrapped them in some Christmas paper and left them on the bed.

When bedtime came, I waited for him to see the gift-wrapped parcel with my note telling him to put the contents on. When I joined him he was standing naked with a big smile on his face, holding the panties to his nose as I bounced up onto the bed beside him.

I told him that I had masturbated in them that afternoon to spice them up and he laughed at my naughtiness as he pulled them up his legs. Almost immediately he became fully erect, the outline of his massive cock clearly defined, pushing against the sheer fabric of my panties. He was so aroused that his helmet leaked pre-cum and a wet patch formed near the waistband.

Scrambling out of my clothes, I rolled Colin onto his back and proceeded to rub his boner through the silky material, my long fingernails teasing and tweaking as I began massaging his balls, rubbing them gently as I pushed aside the elastic leg hole and

wrestled his rock-hard prick out.

He was fully erect, so I mounted him, lowering my slippery pussy-flaps over his shaft. Once I was fully impaled on his cock, I began to ride him, my cunt gripping his pumping rod tightly. The friction created the most exquisite sensations and before long I was gasping for breath as my pussy convulsed and I orgasmed.

But this was meant to be Colin's Christmas present, and I wanted him to derive as much pleasure as possible out of wearing my panties. So, I slid slowly off his cock and, easing his panties down, I removed them, wrapped them around his penis and began to masturbate him with them.

Rhythmically I stroked his cock with the silky panties until I felt his shaft jerk in my hand. Then, with a long low grunt of release he shot thick, sticky wads of his spunk into my panties.

ANN, TOWN WITHHELD

I don't know what it is about Christmas, but there's just something about this time of year that makes me really horny. And coupled with all the free booze at this year's Christmas party, it turned out to be something of a lethal combination.

I guess I'd had one too many glasses of champagne, and I was aware that I'd been flirting outrageously with most of the men. I didn't fancy any of them, and I had no real intentions of actually copping off with anybody, but I was having a great time winding them up.

Anyway, I was chatting to Marcus, the company financial director, when Kirsty, one of the girls that work in my office came over. She made up some excuse about there being a call for me, then dragged me off to the ladies. I assumed she had seen my drunken flirting and had come over to rescue me before I made a fool of myself.

"Thanks love," I said, as we squeezed into one of the cubicles together and she locked the door, "I think I was in danger of doing something I'd regret, there."

"Oh, that's not why I dragged you away," she said, turning to face me and placing her hands on my hips. "This is…" And with that she kissed me, her soft warm tongue pushing into my mouth and rubbing against my own. To say I was taken aback, would be a huge understatement. But like I say, I always feel really horny at this time of year, and with Kirsty eagerly unbuttoning my blouse, I decided to throw caution to the wind and go with it.

She pulled my blouse off my shoulders and removed my bra, taking a breast in each hand and breaking our kiss to bow her head and work my nipples between her teeth and lips. The feeling was electric and I moaned softly as I attacked the zip on her skirt, sending it falling to the floor. I slid my had into her panties, and made contact with her exquisitely shaven, hot, wet pussy. Immediately, I thrust two fingers deep into her cunt, my thumb rubbing against her clit. She moaned out loudly as thrust my fingers in and out of her slippery hole, and responded in kind by hiking up my skirt, pushing my knickers to one side and rubbing my slick labia.

Sparks of electricity jolted in my pussy and I pushed my friends head back to my boobs, encouraging her to continue sucking on my sensitive nipples. As we continued to finger-fuck each other, I ground my pussy down onto her hand, revelling in every glorious stroke.

Kirsty suddenly yelped and I could tell she was close to coming. So, I increased the speed of my thrusts as I used my other hand to play with my clit and, as I pushed my tongue back into her mouth, we both came of hard onto each other's hand.

DISCREET SEX ONLY CONTACTS

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Lucy. I am 28 and 5ft 7 tall with shoulder length brown hair. I am a size 12 with a large bust and long slender legs. I have been married for eight years to a much older man and have a very comfortable lifestyle which is why discretion is important. I am looking for someone to have lots of no strings fun with. I am very fit and very broadminded.

LUCY: 09826 621271

Sarah is a 35 year old married lady she is 5'10 tall with an incredible 34 inch inside leg!! She is a size 12/14 and has 36c bust and has dark shoulder length hair. Sarah has a fairly open relationship but likes to keep her private life very discreet, she is looking to meet a guy for some regular no strings fun....xxx

SARAH: 09826 621278

Holly is a 35 year old married lady she has long blonde hair and a very curvy figure. Holly can travel or accommodate and is looking for a gentlemen to explore her fantasies with, she is very broad minded and extremely playful!!....

HOLLY: 09826 621280

Ange is 36 years old, size 12 with 34 dd bust. She is married, works full time as a secretary. Looking for adult discreet fun. Enjoys eating out and dancing. She loves getting dressed up for a night out!!! Stockings, suspenders and knee

ANGE: 09826 621294

Ruby is a 45 year old divorced lady, she has shoulder length brown hair and is 5'7 with lovely long shapely legs and is a size 12/14. Ruby is a happy go lucky lady and loves to live life to the full!! one thing she misses greatly is the physical side of a relationship so is looking for casual meetings with like minded men. Xx

RUBY: 09826 621282

Carrie is 32 years old and has shoulder length blonde hair and green eyes, she is 5ft 4 tall and is a petite size 12, she loves dancing, horse riding and anything to do with the great outdoors! she is married but her husband works abroad most of the time. School teacher

CAZ: 09826 621285

Becky is a 40 year old single curvy blonde she 5'2 and is a wacky fun easy going lady who is looking for like minded guy's for adult fun. Becky has lots of spare time and is willing to travel, she loves to keep fit and enjoys going to dance classes.

BECKY: 09826 621289

Lily is a 42 year old lady, she has dark shoulder length brown and is sexy slim figure. Lily's partner works permanent nights so is available to meet daytimes or evenings, she loves horse riding, cooking and football!!....xx

LILY: 09826 621291

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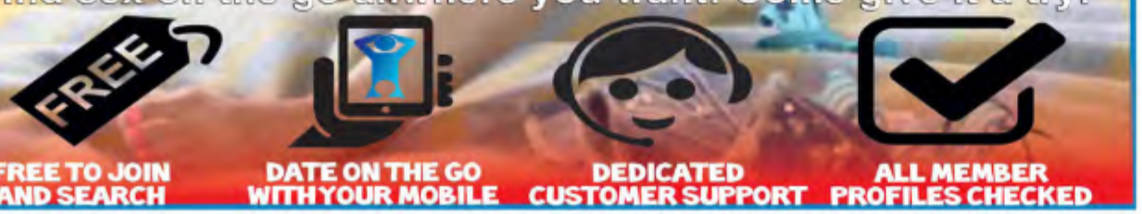

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MODERN ARSE!

One of the best "surprise fucks" of my life took place in one of the most unlikely situations imaginable. I was doing up my flat, concentrating on painting the walls of my bedroom, and I had the whole place cleared out, the furniture and carpets out and old bed sheets down to protect the floorboards. Music was blaring from my portable CD player and I was oblivious to the outside world, having just changed out of my skirt and heels into a ragged pair of denim shorts and a short T-shirt. I was on my knees, singing along, and painting a corner of the skirting when I heard someone comment, "Nice arse."

I just about jumped out of my skin, and I whirled around so fast that the paint pot went over. It was only my boyfriend, Jonathan, but I'd been so absorbed and the music was so loud that I hadn't heard him come in. Still shaky, I told him that he could have called ahead, or at the very least knocked. He said he'd been knocking for ages, but the music was too loud, so he'd just used his keys. Part of the problem for me is that in my ragged shorts and T-shirt I felt sure I looked awful.

"I really like you, Alison, but you can't sing," he said, laughing. But I can't have looked that terrible to him, since as he said it, he backed me up against the wall I'd just finished painting and I got emulsion all over me. Jonathan boxed me in, planting his hands on either side of my body. "The paint's wet," I stammered as he lowered his head to kiss me. And at that point I forgot about the painting. I raised my arms up, wrapping them around his neck, not caring that I was spreading paint to his shirt from where my arms had been pressed against the wall.

He lifted me off the ground, so I wrapped my legs around his waist, pressing myself against him. I rubbed my denim crotch against the bulge in his trousers; he bit my lip, and said, "Well, there's no time like the present."

Jonathan lowered me to the floor, and I felt my body dragged a short distance through the paint I had spilled. He dropped his hands to my waist and tugged my shorts and panties down to my ankles, where I eagerly kicked them off. I felt the cold paint squish against my naked buttocks, but I had my hands busy with his trouser-zip, trying to get his trousers and pants off him as quickly as I could. He helped me remove them, then, tossing his shirt aside, he lifted me again, his feet slipping and sliding slightly in the spilled paint, and pinned me against the wall.

I soon forgot all about the wet paint as his erect cock pushed into me, completely filling my pussy. I whimpered as I wrapped my legs back around his hips and pressed myself as close as I could to him. He thrust into me, over and over again, sliding me up and down the wall, his hands gripping and kneading my arse-cheeks.

He grunted into my ear as he pulled almost completely out of me, then suddenly slammed his rod back inside me, pushing me hard against the wall. I squealed as I climaxed, bucking my hips against him, and biting down on his shoulder.

He never stopped pushing into me, harder and faster, slamming me against the wall. I had barely stopped convulsing through the first orgasm when the second hit me hard. I gripped his hair in my hands, and slammed my mouth against his, kissing him hungrily.

Jonathan pushed me once more hard against the wall, and I felt him come with great force inside of me. I ground down against him, wanting to feel every pulse of his spunking cock.

He let me slide down the wall again until my feet touched the floor, and I could stand up. Then he pulled up one of the chairs, and sat down as I leaned against the wall for support. He suddenly started laughing uncontrollably.

He reached out, grabbed my hand and pulled me to him, turning me around to look at the huge smears on the wall I'd just been fucked against.

"Forget that," he told me. "I'll fix it all for you, but I'm not finished with you yet."

I asked him what he had in mind and, to my astonishment, he said that I didn't have enough paint on me, and that he'd like to see me smear it everywhere. And he meant everywhere.

He guided me down to the floor and, telling me to lean back, lay down beside me. "Now I want to see you do that, and make sure you work it really well in to your pussy."

For a moment, I really wasn't sure, then I realised it was only emulsion and began to do as he'd asked. As

I smeared every inch of my body in the paint, Jonathan drew a hand along my naked thigh, up to the hem of my T-shirt, and then further up to graze his fingers across my nipple, teasing it as he went.

I trailed my fingers down from my chest until they could dip into the sticky wet mess between my legs, letting one finger slide down between my pussy lips. The paint felt so cold against the hot, slick flesh it encountered that I shivered, but I didn't stop. I looked up into Jonathan's eyes and I must have conveyed some of how unsure I was, because he dipped his head and kissed me, stroking my cheek.

So I let myself enjoy the moment, and before long, I was lost as I worked myself to climax. All the time he whispered in my ear, telling me how much he was enjoying the view, and how much he wanted to see me make myself come. It didn't take long before my quick fingers and his words had me biting down on my lip as I climaxed hard and fast.

"Now let me have your fingers," Jonathan told me.

I lifted my hand, and he took each of my fingers into his mouth and sucked on each one individually, then kissed me so that I could see how good I tasted.

And yes, the paint washed off no problem. That was a relief as well!

Lisa, London.

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DICK AND DOM-INATION

Sometimes I think we don't fully understand the things that really turn us on. I had, for years, fantasised about being sexually controlled by a beautiful woman. When I got married to Margaret, however, I gave up all hope of this ever happening, thinking that Margaret would be offended or outraged if I told her about my very secret fantasy.

Besides, Margaret is so amazing in bed that for a time I was satisfied just to be allowed to fuck her. Margaret is a very pretty brunette: tall and extremely sexy with curves in all the right places.

One evening, while surfing the Net to find a present for Margaret's birthday, I came across a lingerie web site. I was scrolling through their stock when I found some leather corsets and fetish wear. Without thinking, I began to follow the links to the old familiar sites I used to visit before I became serious about Margaret.

For hours I sat at the computer unable to tear myself away, as again I became engrossed in stories and pictures about female domination. Margaret had gone to bed early, so for the first time in a while I was free to rove my old haunts on the web.

By three in the morning I was burned out, having wanked off twice over images and stories about female domination. In a state of euphoria I crawled off to bed, forgetting in my exhaustion to switch off the PC.

The next morning Margaret had left for work before the alarm went off. Going through my usual morning routine I was shuffling through to the breakfast room when I noticed that the bloody thing was still on. Hoping that Margaret hadn't noticed, I rushed to switch it off. As I did so, however, I saw a note propped against the monitor screen. I moved the mouse and the screen lit up revealing the shaming evidence of last night's perversions. The picture was of a naked man on his knees eating out a very stern-looking, leather-clad Mistress.

My cheeks burned as I realised that Margaret had caught me, and with shaking hands I read her note. "I will be home by eight," it said. "Shave your genitals, shower and be waiting for me on your knees in the bedroom."

My mind raced. Did she really mean it? Was Margaret secretly into domination, or was she just mocking me? Half of me wanted it to be true, but the other was frightened of being ridiculed and rejected. All day at work my nerves were jumping.

I stopped off on the way home for a drink, trying to muster some Dutch courage and buy some time to get my thoughts straight. Finally, I came to the conclusion that I would follow her instructions. If she was genuinely interested in domination then I was about to experience my greatest fantasy. If not, I'd just have to face up to the fact that we were going to have severe marriage problems.

Having followed her instructions to the letter, I was kneeling on the bedroom carpet waiting when I heard Margaret's car draw up outside. My heart was pounding as she let herself in and I tensed, listening anxiously to every sound as she moved around downstairs.

When she finally entered the bedroom, her appearance took my breath away. She had on a tight black leather skirt, black stockings and a pair of black stiletto heeled shoes. She had removed her blouse and was wearing only a black uplift bra, which made her splendid breasts jut out provocatively.

She was stunning, and my cock hardened as I looked at her body. Intending to apologise I began to speak, but Margaret shot me a warning glare and snapped at me to be quiet.

Taking a new leather dog collar from a bag, she fastened it around my neck and attached a matching lead.

Then, standing in front of me, she removed her skirt and sat on her dressing table stool with her legs wide apart. "Crawl to me, slave," she ordered, and when I did she caught the end of the lead and tugged my face sharply towards her crotch.

"Now," she said imperiously, "suck my cunt. And you'd better do a good job." I could barely contain myself, and felt in danger of unloading my balls as I found myself in the position that I had fantasised about so often. Pushing my face between her thighs, I buried my nose in her mound. Taking a deep breath of her overwhelming aroma, I opened my mouth and engulfed her wet vagina with my lips.

"That's a good boy," she sighed, stroking my head as I forced my tongue deep into her hot gaping crack. She tasted divine, and I lapped, sucked and tantalised her pussy with my tongue, savouring this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. My tongue dipped in and out of her fleshy box, flicking now and then over her distended labia before eventually sucking on her hard clitoris.

I worked feverishly to bring my dominant wife to an earth-shattering climax. Margaret thrust her hips forward as I flicked my tongue madly over her clitoris, urgently forcing her pussy against my open mouth as her orgasm raced through her, leaving her shuddering in ecstasy as all the strength ebbed from her body.

Almost fearfully, I raised my head to look at her, hoping that this would not ruin our relationship. Margaret laughed as she interpreted the look on my face correctly, and asked if I had enjoyed myself. Relieved, I pointed to my raging hard on and asked her cheekily if there was any chance of a good hard shag.

"I thought you'd never ask," she said. "And while we're at it, next time I want to dress as a naughty college girl. And you can be my stern lecturer!"

Paul, Colchester.

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MAYFAIR LETTERS

DARING BEHAVIOUR

As I'm sure most, if not all, married men can attest to, your sex life can suffer a bit when you're sleeping with the same person night after night, month after month, year after year. That's not to say I've ever cheated on my wife Julia. I've certainly thought about it many times. After all, what bloke hasn't thought of having an affair with their secretary or the brassy barmaid down the local? But just as married men fantasise about getting it on with other women, it's fair to say – if Julia's anything to go by – that married women have exactly the same thoughts about straying from the marital bed. In fact, Julia has often teased me that she'll one day run off her with her rich boss.

Thankfully that hasn't happened yet, and I'd like to think it's because we both put a lot of effort into our sex life. Magazines, videos, sex toys, fancy underwear and role playing games are just some of the things we regularly use to keep our bedroom a happy place. However, perhaps the best thing about Julia is this little game she's devised. Basically, we take it in turns every month to dare each other to do something really sexy and outrageous. One time she gave me a blow-job in our local cinema which, apart from making me spill my popcorn everywhere, was a great thrill.

But last month it was something altogether different that Julia suggested; she wanted me to perform a striptease for her. Many a night in lap-dancing clubs has left me in no doubt that men get off on a good tease, but Julia insisted that it would turn her on to see me do the full monty for her. I can't dance or move to music to save my life, but I figured it would be good fun anyway. The night came and Julia had turned our living room into quite the strip club. She'd put red light bulbs in all the lamps and brought in a couple of full length mirrors as a backdrop for me to perform against.

> "...she reached forward and took hold of my length tightly..."

Part of our monthly dare ritual is that we agree to not have sex for a week before the dare is to take place. So I was feeling more than a little revved up at the thought of what might happen after my little show. As Julia put on that 'You can leave your hat on' song and settled down on the sofa, she called me in from the dining room and told me to perform for her.

I'd downed a couple of beers to settle my nerves and soon felt like quite the tease as I slowly unbuttoned my shirt and waved it over my head before throwing it at Julia. She smiled and gave me a wink. I bent over in front of her and wiggled my arse. Julia went to squeeze my cheeks but I told her off and reminded her of the strict no touching rule. I made her sit

on her hands before I would carry on with my strip. She complied and I set about removing my trousers. I slowly unzipped them before letting them slide to the floor then, standing out of them, I tossed them to one side. Julia, by now, had inched her skirt up to her waist and was rubbing herself through her panties.

I responded in kind by rubbing my stiffening cock through the thin material of my boxer shorts. Both mine and her excitement was obvious by now, but I decided to keep the tease going a bit longer. I stood up on the sofa with my legs either side of Julia and pulled my boxer shorts forward so she could see my hard prick sticking out of the top of my underwear. She moved forward to try and lick my helmet but I jumped back off the sofa to tease her once again.

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours," laughed Julia as she pulled her knickers to one side to reveal her hairy pussy. I smiled back and slowly eased down my shorts. My dick sprang free, pointing upwards expectantly. Julia's eyes widened at the sight of my hardness and hurriedly pulled off her skirt and knickers. I moved closer to her and waved my cock in her face. She reached forward and took hold of my length tightly. She ran a fingernail up and down my foreskin, sending a shudder of excitement through my whole body.

I manoeuvred Julia's head towards my cock and she took the hint, opening wide to gobble at my erect prick. I turned to look in the mirror; the sight of a half-naked Julia sucking me off was incredibly horny and made me want her even more. I took off her top and bra and got her to kneel on the floor, sideways on to the mirror. I kneeled behind her and slipped my cock inside her welcoming pussy. She was sopping wet, turned on by my erotic show. I watched in the mirror as my cock pushed in and out of her pussy, her puffy lips sliding against the firmness of my meat.

"No more teasing, please, just fuck me," Julia urged. I was in no mood to tease anyway; I was on the point of exploding already. I increased the pace of my strokes and my heavy balls were soon swinging wildly. Julia was pushing back on my cock and urging me to fuck her harder and come inside her. I needed no second invitation and just a few more thrusts sent me to the point of no return. My cock erupted and sent a creamy load deep inside Julia's pussy. I looked in the mirror and saw Julia smiling at me as I gently pulled my sticky cock out of her.

Clive, Northampton.

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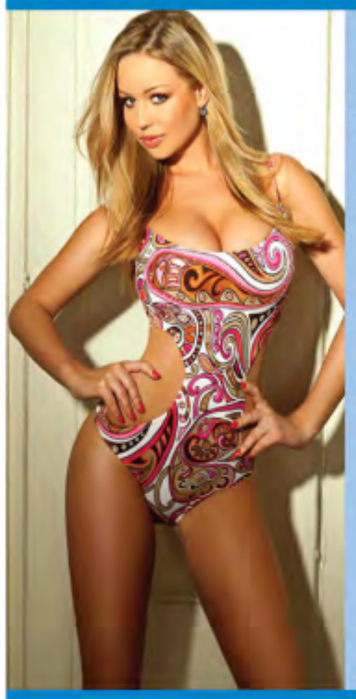

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MAYFAIR LETTERS

QUEST

This month the Quest girls tackle the tricky subject of cock size. As usual, they take a hands-on approach!

AMY, HUDDERSFIELD

When it comes to cock size, I have to agree with a beefburger commercial I once saw: "Make Mine a Whopper"! For me, size most definitely counts. I'm sick of meeting blokes who are all mouth and, when it comes the time to show the goods, they pull out a trifling little micro-dick. I hadn't realised just what was on offer out there until I met Ben. He's a quiet kind of bloke who keeps to the background; a big, brawny chap and, to be perfectly blunt about it, personality-wise, a bit boring.

I usually go out with my mates on the weekend and, since I had bonked most of the blokes I was getting desperate for some fresh meat. And, while out clubbing last summer, I certainly found some! I had a bit too much to drink and wanted to leave early. As all the girls were still keen on pulling, none of them wanted to go just yet, so when Ben offered to drive me home I tipsily accepted.

I had recovered slightly by the time we got to my flat and it was then that I noticed the enormous bulge in Ben's trousers. I'd seen him around lots of times but steered clear… but I never knew what a package he had on him – and that changed things considerably! I felt my pussy juicing and asked him straight out if he fancied a fuck.

Blushing slightly, he muttered that he did and as soon as we were inside I wasted no time in pulling down his jeans. Fuck, what a whopper he had! With his cock released and on display Ben seemed to change personality. Pushing me against the table, he lifted me on top of it and yanked up my skirt. Tearing my panties off, he called me a fucking prick-tease. His large hands pulled my thighs wide apart as he surveyed my sopping cunt.

Positioning his enormous tool between my pussy lips he pushed forward, stretching them wider than I had thought possible. Towering over me, he pulled my legs around his waist and began shunting his massive dick in and out of my burning, hot hole.

I was moaning loudly, as his punishing monster plunged deep into my tenderised slot. It was a combination of discomfort and wild fucking mad pleasure! It took ages for me to adjust to his size but he didn't seem to give a tinker's cuss… he just kept on ploughing his monstrous todger in and out, banging me so hard it was almost painful!

But let me tell you: before long I was begging him, "Just keep fucking going!" My whole body was bouncing on the hard tabletop as he whammed his meat in and out. Then the orgasms started coming, hitting my guts like small explosions and making my pussy tighten and tremble. I screamed with animal passion as he shot his spunk inside my aching twat.

RONA, YORK

I have always delighted in anal sex. The problem with this, though, is that I find it difficult to find a boyfriend with an 'anal-friendly' cock. While some are much too thick, most are far too short, leaving me itching for that gut-churning orgasm that can only be experienced through deep anal penetration.

It was only last June when I met Joss that I found the ultimate anal experience. Joss is an arty kind of guy, and hangs around some of the literary pubs downtown that are mostly frequented by students. I was not immediately attracted to him, as he had a beard and was more than twice my age, but found myself being drawn to his compelling personality.

The weather was hot and we were sitting at a table outside drinking beer and enjoying the last of the evening sunshine. Joss leaned across and, squeezing my thigh, asked if I would like to go home with him for a fucking.

I was rather taken aback as I hardly knew him, but I was also turned on by his offer so I accepted. He lived in a rather shabby Victorian terraced house but at that stage of our acquaintance I was only interested in what he had promised to do for me.

Having shown me the bathroom, he told me where the bedroom was, and with a rakish smile, told me to prepare myself for a cock where I least expected it. He must have overheard me jesting with my mates about my liking botty fucks, because there was no doubt in my mind what he meant by that crack. I washed myself down and lubricated my ring with some baby oil that I found. Squeezing some onto my palm I coated my finger and worked the clear fluid in and out of my

> "I could hardly wait for him to plug my twitching ring with his long finger of fun..."

anus. The exercise made me feel very horny and I rubbed my little sex button with my free hand as I stretched my sphincter in preparation for my back-door boffing. Then, with a loud knock on the bathroom door Joss demanded that I join him in his bed immediately.

It wasn't long before I found myself bending over the end of the bed with my arse cocked up in the air in a most unladylike fashion. Joss, it seemed, liked a bit of role-play! He began his little scene by spanking my quivering bum cheeks lightly while admonishing me for keeping him waiting!

I was loving it, and when he walked around to show me the weapon that he was going to fire off in my arsehole I almost swooned with delight. It was long and slender with a deep purple, bulbous head at its tip, the perfect size and length for the ultimate in anal sex.

I could hardly wait for him to plug my twitching ring with his long finger of fun, and I wriggled my arse-cheeks in an effort to get him focused. He teased me by running his long cock up and down my quim before lodging his knob just inside the entrance to my lubed-up anus.

With a grunt, he pushed his long penis further inside, sending shivers of unequalled pleasure through my innards. I frigged my sopping pussy as he reamed my bum-hole, until with one final heave, he filled my back passage with his gooey cream – simultaneously bringing me to climax.

SANDY, SOUTH-END-ON-SEA

When it comes to penis size I always go for men with small to medium cocks. The reason is simple: they are better and more attentive lovers. It has taken me almost three years to reach this conclusion, and with at least 30 lovers already in the bag since leaving school, I consider myself to be something of an authority.

Ever since puberty, I have thought of little else except sex, and when I came of age living an active sex life became very important to me. Blokes with big plonkers think they're sex machines, and rarely give a thought to a woman's pleasure. Just because they have an oversized penis, they think that sticking it in is all that's required for good sex.

Well I have news for them! Big fat cocks just stretch most normal pussies and cause inflammation and discomfort. Smaller cocks move around more and stimulate the sensitive interior, making it more likely to come in contact with a woman's G-spot. In addition, guys with smaller willies always seem more imaginative and make a far greater effort to please a woman. Why? Because they want to be invited back to do her again!

Take my husband Nick, for instance. Nick has a rather small penis – about four and a half inches long and not very thick – but he makes an extra effort to stimulate me before poking me with his modest-sized magic wand. I am always wet and have orgasmed several times before he rides me, and, as he is muscular and fit, he can keep humping for ages.

He can also give me anal without any discomfort, and I must say that on these occasions we really let go and he rides me like a jockey whipping the favourite up the home straight. But Nick's biggest asset is his imagination… he likes his jollies as mucky as possible. Only last week he came home with a jar of honey, which I trickled over his cock, covering the helmet and letting it ooze down his shaft.

Coating his balls with the sticky substance, I let it run down the crack to his anus, and by the time I began licking up the honey, his penis stood proud and erect. Lapping it up from his ring, I worked my way over his crotch to his balls and finally to his stiff, honey-coated pole. He was ready

to blow, but as usual concentrated on my pleasure.

Spreading my legs, he took the honey jar and filled my waiting pussy with its contents, smearing it generously all over my clit and down the insides of my upper thighs. Then he started lapping it up. When he reached my sweet, sticky pussy his tongue penetrated deep within, titillating me with its tip and slurping strongly at the syrup.

Replacing his tongue with his penis, he began to fuck me. The sticky, glutinous substance inside my cunt squelched as pockets of air formed vacuums, creating the most incredible sensation. Our bodies moved in such a perfect rhythm we couldn't hold back any longer. With one hard, powerful thrust our passion exploded, and my throbbing pussy was filled with a combination of his sweet spunk and honey.

GABRIELLE, LEICESTER

I don't think much about cock size. For me it's the diversity of cock shapes and sizes that matters. Of course, I love big cocks but I also like slightly bow-shaped or banana shaped cocks, as they seem to hit my magic internal button, or G-spot. Small or large, I love them all… especially one after another in a gang-bang!

Fortunately for me, I have an understanding husband who enjoys wife watching and encourages me to fuck around as much as I like. (One of the reasons I agreed to marry Phil!) He even brings home friends to do me now and again – and I just can't seem to get enough of their meat.

My fondest memory is of the first time that Phil indulged my fantasy and invited no less than six of his mates from the building site home to do me. They all sat around in the living room looking a little apprehensive, unsure of what was expected. However, Phil handed around some cans of beer, and I moved into the centre of the room and unzipped my dress, just allowing it to descend to the floor.

I was totally naked except for my hold-up stockings. My pussy was shaved and I'm pretty sure I looked inviting. I crawled over to Alan, a swarthy looking block-layer whom I fancied, unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. He gave a loud groan as I slid my lips over it, slurping at his purple helmet and occasionally glancing up at my husband. 18-year-old Neil, Alan's apprentice, couldn't hold back and, crouching down behind me, pulled my hips back and started eating my pussy out from behind.

By then the others had gathered near and were openly stroking their weapons. I ended up sucking everyone's cock and letting them all eat me out. It was great but I still wanted more — lots more! I turned to Alan who was the best built of the bunch and told him to lie down on the floor; then I mounted his cock.

Bouncing up and down on his veiny, straining pole, I reached behind me, and, pulling my arse cheeks apart, offered my backside to the others.

Martin the roofer quickly obliged, and I had two different-shaped pricks inside me at once. It was awkward at first, but I soon got used to it, and I went on to take all of them that way, in my anus and pussy, and then in my mouth as well. I fucked them every way I could think of until they were all completely jizzed out: as Phil said afterwards, no mean feat.

After that evening, if I'd been asked which of the many cocks I'd sampled was the best, I couldn't have decided. I thoroughly enjoyed every one of them!

BECKY, TOWN WITHHELD

I met my fiancée Richard at a friend's party last year and ever since our first night together I have never looked at another bloke. To say that he is "well hung" would be a hopeless understatement, and I juice every time I even think about his vast trouser equipment.

Our first time together was nothing short of amazing, and, although I had some idea that he was precociously endowed by the significant bulge in the front of his trousers, until then I had no idea of the magnificent length and girth of his dick.

Right from the start, Richard was ready to rock'n'roll, picking me up bodily and tossing me on the bed. Ripping my clothing off in his haste to get at me, he wasted no time in yanking my skimpy panties off and burying his face in my curly mound and eating and licking my pussy like there was no tomorrow.

When he came up for air my fluids were smeared all over his face. He ate me for so long that I began to wonder if he was ever going to get around to screwing me. But I wasn't complaining! His lapping tongue kept me in an almost constant state of orgasm.

When he finally desisted and undressed, I saw that his package was something else altogether. The length wasn't what shocked me… it was the thickness. It had the girth of a roll of salami with a big, mushroom-like helmet surmounting the shaft.

I never imagined a piece of meat like that could fit inside my pussy! I couldn't possibly take that thing. Nevertheless, he placed his big cock-head against my steaming hot gash, making me moan with pleasure as he burrowed slowly and carefully inside me.

With only the crown of his helmet inside me, my pussy felt like it was stretched to capacity. It was a thrilling sensation and my cunt was throbbing and contracting around his massive knob-end. My nerve-endings jangled as he eased the rest of his shaft in, a full inch at a time. By the time he had it all stuffed inside me he began shagging me with long, slow thrusts which built up gradually to a steady rhythm.

My pussy never felt so stimulated or cock hungry, and my hips bucked and bounced under his heavy pounding. I was coming in waves of orgasmic bliss, and he paused, allowing my pussy muscles to contract hard around his shaft. Then he pulled back until his knob was just inside my sopping entrance before forcefully

> "...he went balls deep in a single stroke..."

sinking his meat back in again – making me squeal and squirm.

This time he went balls-deep in a single stroke and, gripping my hips, he began drilling his pole all the way in on every stroke. He pumped me roughly and he pumped me hard, and soon enough he pumped me full of his hot slippery spunk, too.

I was truly fucked by the time he pulled out, and that's when I knew I had to marry Richard, because no man I would ever meet could match up to him.

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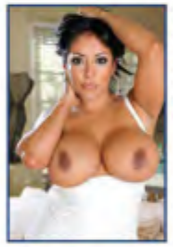

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- Each scene has a different extreme ****** story line, however for legal reasons we cannot describe them here - albeit to say you are guaranteed some truly outrageous porno action!

Jacky Lawless - Million Pound P***y
CODE: AD156

DESCRIPTION
- This girl's p***y is an absolute goldmine and she has earned millions with it. Order now to find out just how hot and delicious her wet c**t hole really is

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CODE: AD160

DESCRIPTION
- Highly paid, sophisticated models who have everything money can buy indulge in lesbian sex scenes that will leave you satisfied & begging for more!

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CODE: AD167

DESCRIPTION
- If watching mature ladies using their fingers and toys, speculums and even baseball bats to get off is your thing then you'll absolutely love this amateur sex footage!

Gorgeous Submissive Teens
CODE: AD171

DESCRIPTION
- Spend ten seconds gazing at the lovely young lady pictured. Now imagine her and other girls like her having submissive sex and fantasy role play just to please your erect penis. Order right now!

Naughty Little Foot S***s
CODE: AD174

DESCRIPTION
- Fancy licking the toes or kissing the arch of the foot of a young, hot vixen? Let her wank you with her sexy feet or sniff her tootsies as you slide your c**k in and out of her teenage vagina. Order now!

Horny German Neighbours
CODE: AD165

DESCRIPTION
- The nympho redhead pictured and her horny German friends take on all cummers in a feast of hardcore sex. German fraulein's lick, suck and eagerly take hard meat in each wet love slot.

Innocent Teen Girls
CODE: AD169

DESCRIPTION
- Three scenes showing three different, gorgeous, innocent 18 year old girls losing their respective virginities to their boyfriends. Watch them suck and F**k for the first time EVER!

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CODE: AD172

DESCRIPTION
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CODE: AD175

DESCRIPTION
- Five hot sexy scenes showing five hot sexy French Maids cleaning your house before taking care of your every sexual whim. If you love exotic, erotic ladies then you'll love this hardcore blockbuster!

Crazy Orgies
CODE: AD166

DESCRIPTION
- Anything goes is this no holds barred orgy, gangbang and wife swapping DVD. These horny gals can't get enough oral, vaginal, a**l and double penetration sex action. Order today!

Vanessa Vixen Loves A**l
CODE: AD170

DESCRIPTION
- The photo is of Vanessa Vixen who is both a Mum and a porn star and the thing she loves most is having kinky a**l sex whilst hot sp**k drips down her chin. If that makes your c**k hard you should order now!

German Granny Porn
CODE: AD173

DESCRIPTION
- Does the thought of German grannies getting bonked senseless by a stream of eager young men make your manhood thicken? Then order now - you will not be disappointed.

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CODE: AD176

DESCRIPTION
- Are you a submissive cuckold. Would you enjoy watching your wife f**k a muscular black man and have you lick the s***k from the end of his c**k. If this turns you on the this is the DVD for you!

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PR20-03

MAYFAIR LETTERS

PICTURE THIS

When I recently bought my wife a new digital camera, I had no idea what a great present it would turn out to be for the both of us. Sarah had been nagging for ages that she wanted a brand new digital camera to replace her old film one. As she only ever uses a camera when we're on holiday I couldn't really see the point of spending a couple of hundred quid on a camera that she'd only use a couple of times a year at most. But as it was her birthday I spent a couple of hours online and got a pretty good deal; the camera had 5 megapixels and also came with a free colour printer and memory card thrown in.

Sarah was thrilled and spent most of her birthday out in the garden taking pictures of pretty much everything, including numerous photos of our cat. And to my surprise she didn't just take the pictures and forget about them, she spent many hours in the evening downloading the pictures to our computer, editing them to take out any redeye and other imperfections, and then printed the best shots on the new printer.

She was obviously pleased with her present and I was pretty pleased with the purchase as well; it kept Sarah happy and left me free to watch television in the evenings. I was well chuffed! I half expected Sarah to get bored of her new toy, but to my surprise she seemed to be getting hooked on photography. It was rare to find her without the camera in hand, trying out one of the its many features.

One Saturday I came back from the gym to find Sarah hunched over the computer. As she saw me enter the room she rather hurriedly closed the photos she was working on and hit the off button. "What was that a picture of?" I asked. "What's the big secret?" Sarah blushed and blurted out that it was nothing and that she'd show me later. Her behaviour did seem somewhat strange, but I thought nothing more of it until later in the day.

I'd been outside cleaning the car and came in to see a trail of photos face-down leading up the stairs. I turned over the first one to see a photo of Sarah with a big grin on her face. She'd obviously taken it herself as it was slightly on the wonk. Intrigued, I flipped over the next one which was a shot looking down Sarah's top. Her boobs were almost spilling out of her bra and looked very inviting from this different angle.

With my heart beating faster and my cock beginning to stiffen I moved halfway up the stairs and grabbed the next photo. This one was an upskirt shot looking up straight between Sarah's legs. Stray pubes were spilling out from where she'd pulled her panties tight against her pussy. I gulped hard and called out to Sarah with an excited shout of, "I found your photos!" I could hear her giggling from the bedroom. "There's plenty more up here when you're ready."

I ran up the stairs and into the bedroom to be greeted by the sight of Sarah in just her underwear. She had on a pair of white stockings and the same pair of panties that were pulled up so tight against her in the photo. She was smiling and taking yet more photos of herself in various poses. In fact, she was kneeling on the bed and was holding the camera underneath her, shooting up towards her pussy. I tugged down my jeans and quickly removed my shirt.

Joining Sarah on the bed, I took the camera from her and pulled her panties down to her knees. "I can see now why you've been having fun with this camera," I said, as I took a close-up shot of Sarah's hairy pussy. I admired my handiwork on the camera's small screen and then zoomed in to take another picture.

Sarah rolled over onto her back and removed both her knickers and stockings. Totally naked, she parted her legs and slipped her middle finger inside her glistening slot. She raised her eyebrows as if to suggest I should take another picture and I quickly clicked away, getting a great shot of Sarah's digit as it disappeared inside her. My knob had grown to its full seven inches by now and, at Sarah's request, I took a picture of my full glory.

I knew Sarah well enough to know exactly what was coming next. She was instantly in front of me, licking my stiff cock up and down. She cupped my balls and took my length inside her mouth, deep-throating me enthusiastically. I managed to steady myself enough to click off three shots of my cock in Sarah's mouth. Eager for some pussy, I put the camera down and sidled up alongside Sarah. Pushing her legs open, I licked my way up her thighs before letting my tongue work its magic on her clit. She groaned softly as I nibbled on her clit and finger-fucked her at the same time. "I need you inside me," she moaned.

As Sarah propped herself up with a couple of pillows I positioned myself between her legs and eased my fat cock inside her hairy pussy. She moaned as I entered her. I built up a steady pace and reached for the camera. Pulling my shiny cock right out of Sarah I snapped a beautiful picture of her splayed lips before plunging back inside her. The bed was shaking as we fucked and snapped. With one hand Sarah was rubbing crazily at her clit and with the other she clicked away at my bulging cock. And with a final thrust I erupted, spilling my juices deep inside her.

The camera has added a new dimension of fun and excitement to our love life, and we regularly enjoy our sexy little photo shoot sessions. And, rather embarrassingly, Sarah has even managed to capture my 'come face' on camera!

Bob, Lincoln.

LIKE A VIRGIN

I'd been flirting with a cute little brunette who worked in accounts for a couple of months. She has a look that grows on you, a pretty smile, wavy, medium-brown hair, perky 34A breasts and beautiful sexy hips that give her an extra sexual look.

Sam is a quiet girl and it took some time before she had the confidence to go out with me. We were dating for a couple of weeks and had progressed from a quick kiss on the cheek when I dropped her home to a fairly hot snog on the sofa.

I knew that she was a virgin and didn't want to press her, but one night she sheepishly suggested that we go to her room, and I hoped that this would be her special night.

We kissed and I stroked her until she became relaxed, then I removed my shirt and gently unbuttoned her blouse. She was hesitant at first, but soon emotion and desire overcame her natural shyness and she allowed me to unhook her bra.

My fingers rubbed lightly over her large nipples, circling her wide, light-brown aureoles. Her breasts were very perky and her sensitive nipples became hard as I began licking them, slowly at first, then more assertively.

Sam wriggled under my gentle stroking and, from the look of pleasure on her face, I guessed that she was becoming excited. Caressing her thighs, I worked my hand over her crotch until she began to move against my stroking fingers.

She reached down and unzipped her jeans and I helped her to pull them off. Gently rubbing her pussy through her white cotton panties, I found that she was already extremely moist. The touch of my hand seemed to be enough to get her hips grinding, but I waited until she was ready before

> "...before I knew it she was pulling her panties down her legs..."

attempting to remove her panties.

Stroking her mound through the damp cotton, I lowered my lips to her large nipples and suckled gently. Kissing my way down her stomach and then around her panty line, I raised the fabric about an inch and licked along the outskirts of her pubic region.

Sam sobbed as she begged me to continue touching her there, and confident that she was comfortable with it I rubbed harder against her gusset. She was soon writhing under my fingers and before I knew it, she was pulling her panties down her legs.

Her dark pubic hair was soft and tightly curled. It almost covered her pussy completely but she had trimmed it so that only her mound was covered. I tickled her virgin twat, gently rubbing her clitoris and lightly stroking her labia until I discovered that she had become wet enough for me to just

slip my penis in.

Looking shyly up at me, Sam told me that she was ready, and that her pussy was aching for me. I licked the satiny folds of her pussy, lapping her labia until she was moaning loudly in anticipation of my tongue hitting her clit. Her hips circled to try and place my tongue in just the right spot and every couple of strokes I hit her little bud, causing her to moan loudly.

I slowly licked her pussy, tasting the sweet juices that flowed as she became more and more aroused. The scent of virgin pussy was almost intoxicating and I became extremely aroused as I continued to stimulate her orally. Her moans grew deeper as my tongue flicked across her clit, and after a while her breath came in gasps as she neared her first orgasm.

Covering her whole pussy with my mouth I sucked hard, flicking her clit with my tongue until she came. Her voice was high pitched as she called out my name and I gently lapped her pussy, enjoying her enthusiastic reactions until her pussy finally relaxed.

"I want you," she said, as she stretched her legs apart and I positioned myself carefully just over her body. I placed my cock at the opening to her pussy, feeling how wet she was. Even the hair on her mound was soaking, and I rubbed the head of my cock back and forth along her labia, coating it in her sticky love juice.

Holding my cock and pressing the head against the entrance of her pussy, she began moaning again and in a breathy voice she cried, "I want you to take me! Please fuck me now!"

Although she was tight, my cock slipped in rather easily because of the wetness of her pussy. The feeling of being inside her was amazing, and her vaginal muscles began contracting as I moved slowly in and out of her. Once she relaxed I increased my pace and pushed further in.

Gradually she became more and more comfortable, and I slowly increased the pace of my thrusts. Each time I buried my full length inside her she moaned appreciatively. My tempo increased again until I was fucking her quickly, and she began rocking her hips to the rhythm. I could tell from the contractions in her pussy she was very close to orgasm and I wanted to hold off until she came.

She was panting hard as her orgasm hit, squealing with delight as her pussy gripped my cock so tightly that I could not stop from flooding her with my come. As the last of my spunk splashed inside her, she let out a deep, low groan while her pussy milked every drop.

Nick, Coventry.

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